

The **AMERICAN** **LEGION** *Monthly*



ZANE GREY · MEREDITH NICHOLSON
and PRIZE-WINNING BIG MOMENTS

**"SHADOWS HUGER
than the shapes that cast them"**

[Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892]

**"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"**

[Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844]

**AVOID THAT
FUTURE SHADOW**

**by refraining from
over-indulgence**

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.



When Tempted
**Reach
for a
LUCKY**
instead

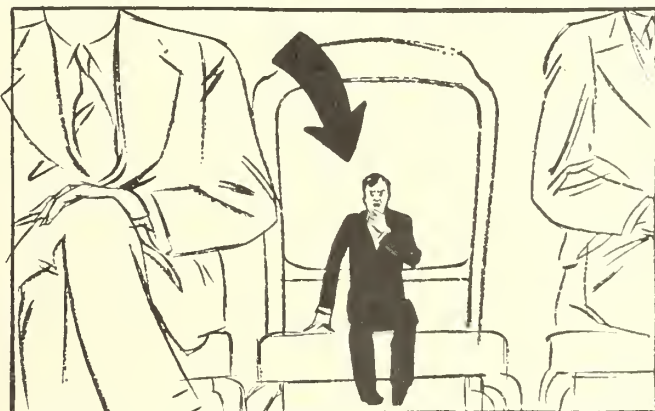
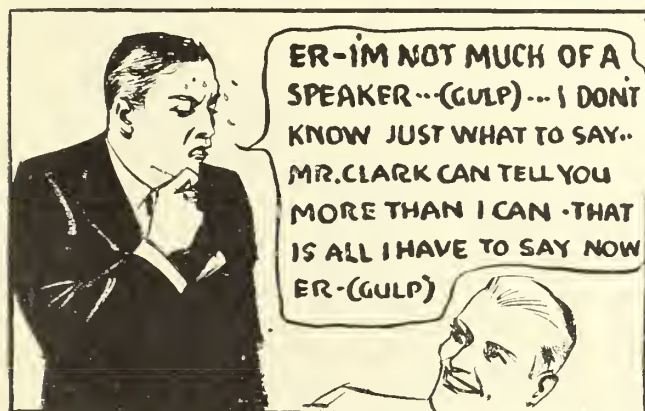
"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.

AGONIZING MOMENTS!



YOU'RE SITTING BACK AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD *and* SUDDENLY THE CHAIRMAN CALLS ON YOU AS THE SPEAKER



YOU GROPE FOR WORDS AND LIVE A LIFETIME OF MISERY CROWDED INTO FIVE MINUTES!

When Will This Happen to You?

If you were suddenly asked to address a group of men, how would you act? Would you be master of the situation? Your manner—would it be confident, well-poised, dominating? Could you cause a hushed silence and sway your audience at will? Face the situation now before it faces you! Send for this amazing free book, *How to Work Wonders with Words!*

CLIMBING ahead in business—winning popularity in social life—depends largely on the impression you make on people. Take two men of equal ability. One man is the silent type that sits back, speaks only when he's spoken to, acts nervous and self-conscious when he's called on to speak at length. The other man is a well-poised interesting talker. When he speaks, people stop talking to hear what he has to say. One man has ideas—the other has ideas plus the ability to put them over.

Analyze yourself right now. Do you know how to tell a funny story in a way that sends an uproar of laughter around the room? What do you know about the Laws of Conversation, of gesture, of emotion? When you're trying to explain a lengthy business proposition, does your talk hang together in a logical step-by-step way?

Modern educational authorities laugh off the old-fashioned ideas about "natural" speaking ability. You've probably heard the old "saw" yourself—the fellow with

the "gift of gab," "the natural orator," and all the rest of that poppycock. The fact is that any man of normal intelligence can quickly become a powerful speaker through a new simplified method of home study training.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

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- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address board meetings
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

The Laws of Conversation

Knowing how to speak properly is simply another way of saying that you know the natural Laws of Conversation. And there is no mystery or magic about these fundamental factors of a successful speech. They are definitely charted in your mind. They direct your talk in a clear uninterrupted channel that keeps interest keyed up and wins conviction.

In a free book, entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, the North American Institute has outlined the Laws of Conversation. It explains how to acquire quickly the ability to address banquets, business conferences, lodges, etc.—how to become an interesting conversationalist; how to develop poise, personality, and magnetic

force; and how to banish timidity, self-consciousness and lack of confidence.

Have you an open mind? Then send for this free book, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. Over 65,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of a coupon.

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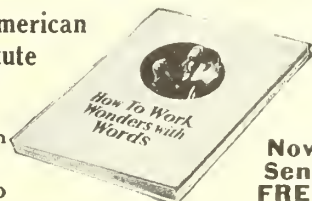
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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

WEST VIRGINIA: The 35th State, admitted to the Union June 19, 1863. Colonists in 1727 first settled in what is now Jefferson and Berkeley Counties. The land, made up of several spurs of the Appalachian Mountains, was an almost impassable dividing line in pre-Revolutionary days, between the unexplored west and the seaboard. Until 1861 the present confines of the State were merely the western counties of the colony and the State of Virginia, but on May 23d of that year, the citizens voted against the ordinance of secession, organized a Union government at Wheeling and later prayed for admittance to the Union. Population, 1870, 442,014; 1928 (U. S. est.), 1,724,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 32.2; 1910, 18.7; 1920, 25.2. Area, 24,170 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 60.9 per sq. mile. Rank among States, 27th in



population, 40th in area, 14th in density. Capital, Charleston (1928 U. S. est.), 55,200. Three largest cities (1920 U. S. Census), Wheeling, 56,208; Huntington (1928 U. S. est.), 68,600; Charleston. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$4,677,919,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), steel and rolling mill products, \$90,151,369; glass, \$50,211,232; lumber products, \$38,726,959; mineral output (1925) \$333,527,607, principally in coal, gas, petroleum, clay products; all crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$96,537,000, the leaders being corn, hay and tobacco. West Virginia had 57,856 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1863, "Montani Semper Liberi"—"Mountaineers always freemen." Origin of name: Until 1863, the area of the present state boundaries were the western counties of Virginia. Nicknames: Panhandle, Mountain.

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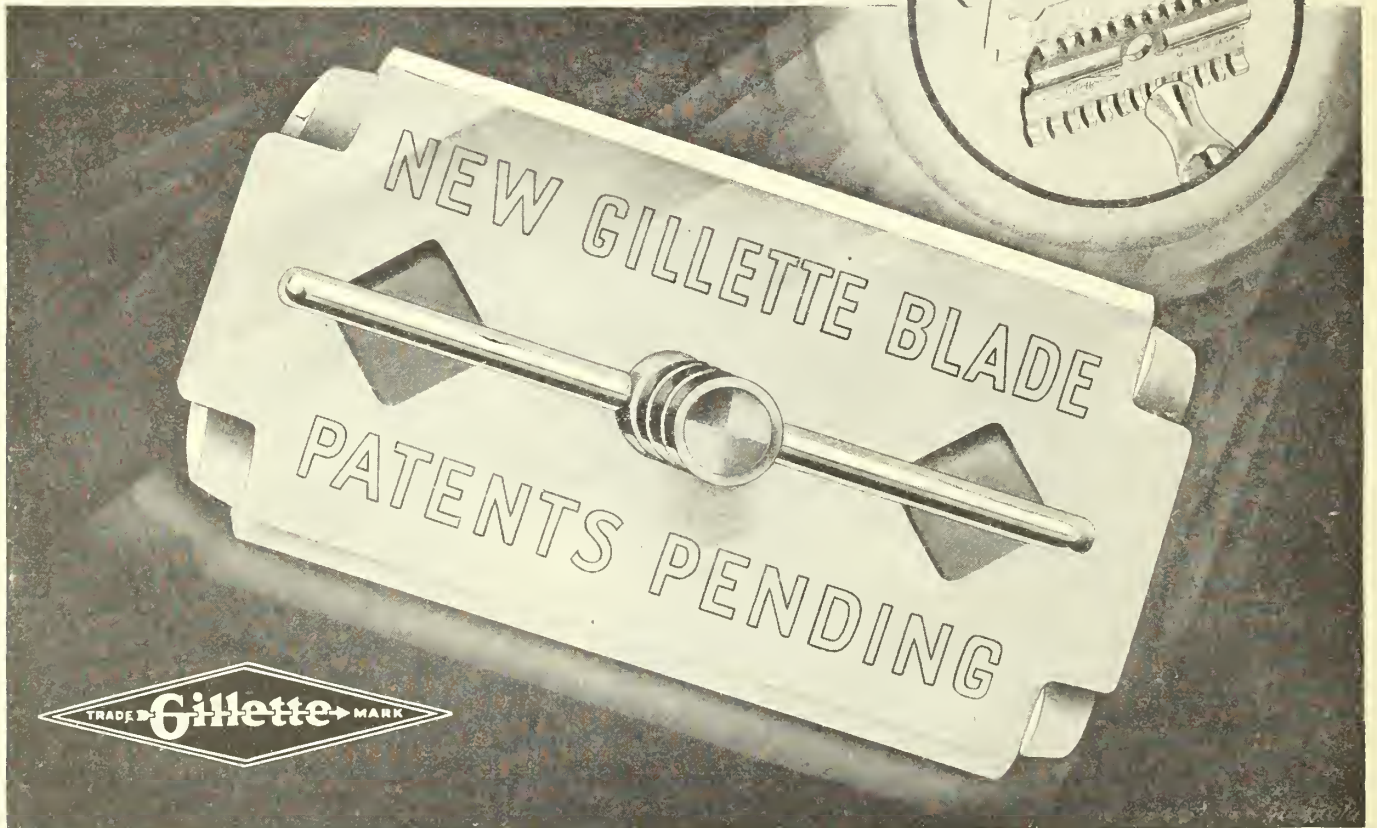
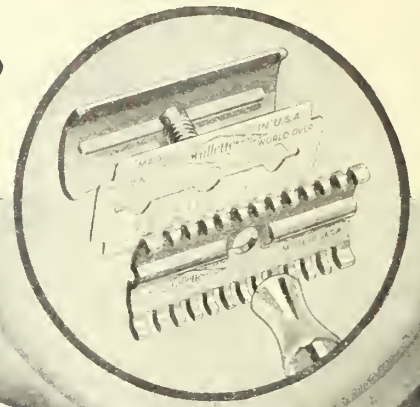
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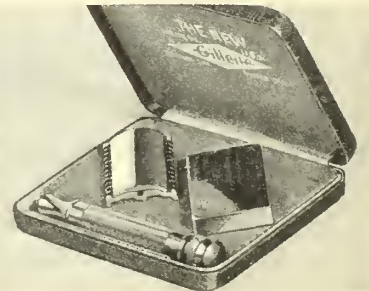
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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

FISHING



BY ZANE GREY



FOR me fishing is sport, fun, recreation, business, health, but all these are nothing compared to the elusively intangible something else which must go nameless.

Fresh-water fishing is tranquil, restful, thoughtful, gentle, contemplative, wholesome. It brings the music of the singing brook, the peace of the shining lake, the endless joy of the running river. Loneliness and solitude of the forest, the enchantment of the mountain torrents, the intimacy of birds, the changing surface of water are the portion of the fisherman. The cares of the world slough off like scales, and in a day, as if by magic, a man is changed, renewed.

These are the intimate associations of fresh-water fishing. The game itself, the details of tackle and method, are inexhaustibly different for each and every fisherman. Inventive genius and innocent egotism walk hand in hand. Every fisherman is his own law. Be he ever so modest there will lie deep in his heart the unvoiced conviction that *he* is or will be the luckiest and best fisherman. He will learn from his brother anglers, but always he could, if he were asked, tell more than he learns.

There is much written about the fraternity of anglers. It is true and a very beautiful thing. But almost universally the angler is a lone wolf. If comrades or other fishermen line the banks, still he is alone in thought. It is contact with nature, not with man, that rejuvenates the angler. He has enough and too much of the madding crowd at home. He may fish with a worm, a crayfish, an artificial bait, or a fly, but there is no difference in the soul of the thing. The aristocratic dry fly-fishing expert may imagine he alone is lord of the river and lake. But he misses the truth, while at the same time he *lives* the very thing I am trying to explain.

Personally, whether I catch a bass or trout or no fish at all is a small matter. I row among the lily pads and watch the clouds gather. Or I stand under the stately white pines, pausing to catch the fragrance of trailing arbutus on the air. Mountain laurel and rhododendron mass pink and white against the green.

"Salt-water fishing is strenuous. It is more primitive than fresh-water fishing because it has to do with the sea—the mother of all creation"

Or if it is autumn there are the rare fringed gentian, the goldenrod and the purple aster. What measureless content in the amber-colored stream,

murmuring on forever! The glory and the dream are there, and perhaps they are what I mean.

Salt-water fishing is strenuous. It is entirely different, yet possesses that same charm, magnified incalculably. It is more primitive than fresh-water fishing because it has to do with the sea—the mother of all creation.

I have no salt in my blood. My ancestors were hunters, pioneers, and one of them was an Indian. I loved the woods and the streams beyond all else. As a boy I would sit for hours beside a waterfall, and I have caught myself many a time screaming up at the torrent. And yet despite the fact that I was a land-lubber and feared the sea I became, after many agonizing years of development, a salt-water angler for the big game of the sea.

As sport it is vastly superior to hunting tigers in Burma or Siberia. It possesses infinitely more danger than most people suspect. To stalk a huge broadbill swordfish is as exciting and thrilling as elephant hunting, and the chances of success are a hundred to one against you. The incredible patience, the incredible endurance needed, not to mention skill and strength, are the outstanding features in successful fishing for the great tigers of the ocean.

Tarpon of the Everglades, the savalo of Mexican waters, the sailfish of the Gulf Stream, are game fish the Atlantic angler can look forward to mastering after he has served his apprenticeship on striped bass, channel bass, kingfish, barracuda and amberjack.

For the Pacific angler who can roam afar there is an amazing and marvelous sport in store. But to experience it in its breath-taking fulness he must indeed have the time and the means to venture to far waters. For the commercial interests, the net-boats and the cannery have almost ruined the fishing from Puget Sound to Cape San Lucas.

Beyond these waters there yet await the ambitious angler a variety of great game fish—the gallo and (Continued on page 36)

AMERICA *and*

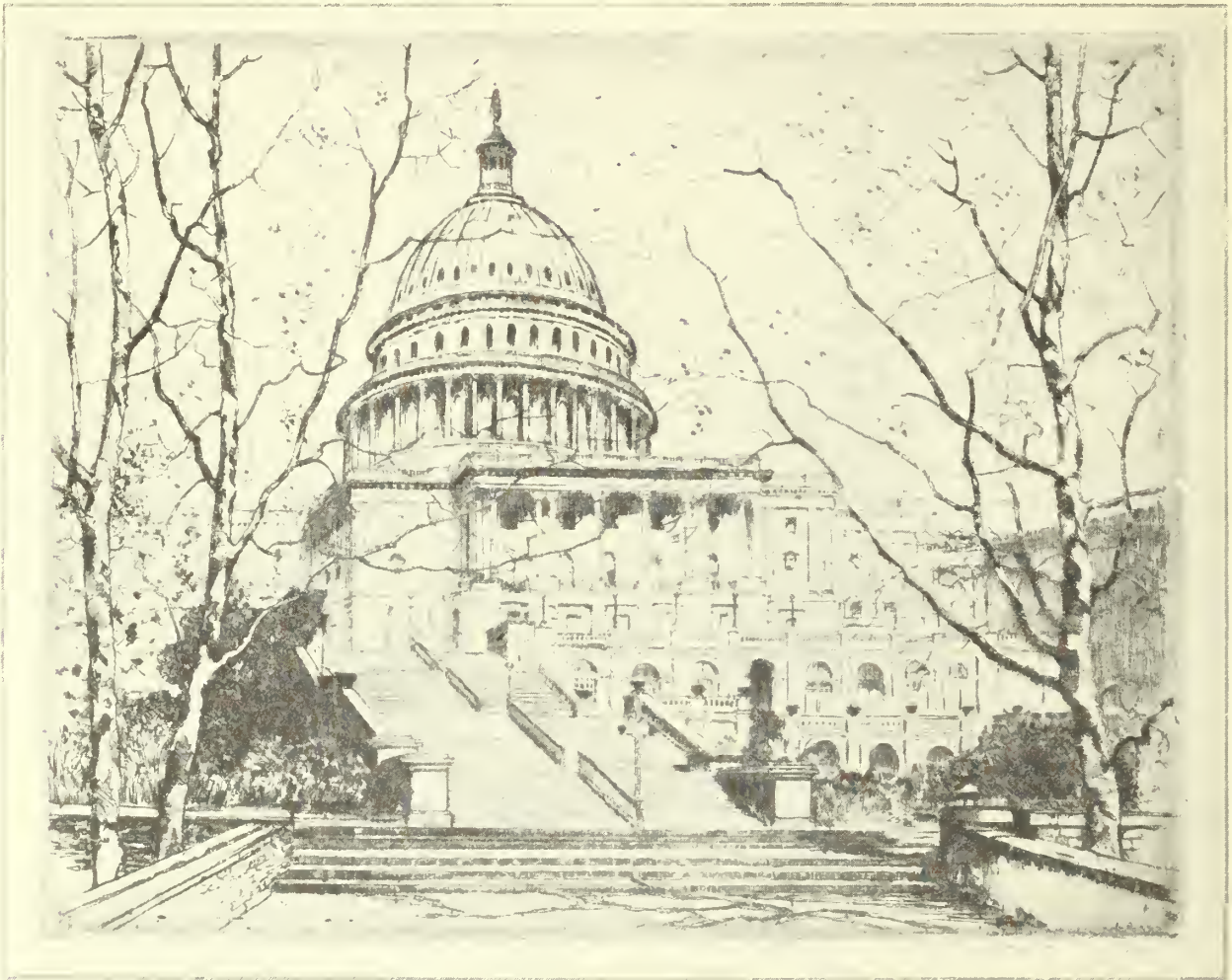


*Illustration from an
etching by Alfred Hutty*

BY MEREDITH

WHAT'S the other side of it? For there is, of course, another side.

Since the World War there has been a steadily increasing amount of criticism, scolding and vituperation directed at social and political conditions in America. Cynics and pessimists, strutting their brief hour on the stage, apparently find it both enjoyable and profitable to "knock" America. Social phenomena are more frequently the target than political conditions, for some knowledge is necessary to an intelligent discussion of politics, but it is easy to deduce from a few "wild parties" and sporadic instances of lawlessness a general enfeeblement of society.

The American Legion Monthly has several times indulged me in the expression of opinions touching the state of the nation, and the response from Legionnaires in every part of the country, both commendatory and otherwise, has indicated that the veterans of the World War are keenly interested in American problems. Indeed, a great many earnest, high-minded Americans are deeply concerned about the trend of things, though it could be wished that we had more leaders with practical remedies for conditions honestly complained of and which the average sensible person will admit demand attention. Every citizen has the right, and it is his duty, to question, to criticize and to suggest ways and means of lifting the standard in the social and political fields. But grumbling, sneering and misrepresentation are of no help to the serious, intelligent groups that are trying to make things better. I become ashamed of the criticisms I myself have made as to conditions and tendencies when I read the exaggerated statements and the ridiculous criticisms of writers whose whole aim is to

discourage the many who are really seeking the best that may be won for our people.

The other day I drove through a western city of three hundred thousand population with a Legionnaire who had lived in the place all his life. We were talking of the complaints of America's restlessness and frivolity as we traversed sections where the streets are lined with comfortable homes requiring, we estimated, incomes of from two to five and from five to ten thousand dollars a year for their maintenance. Many of the householders were known to my guide and they were, he said, of the best American type. I was impressed by his opinion that only a small percent of these homes were touched by the whoopee spirit. The less opulent didn't belong to town or country clubs and the more prosperous were too intent on the business of running their homes and launching their children in life to do much gadding about at night. *Bourgeoisie!* The word is always uttered with a hiss. And yet in this middle class we find the folks, as I like to call them—honest-to-God Americans—hard-working, ambitious, patriotic—who are the soundest and most trustworthy in our millions. I could multiply this experience in every American city or small town I know. In the community I know best of all there are thousands of households of just this sort. They are typical of what is best and most encouraging as to America's future. I have visited recently many community centers, addressed parent-teachers' meetings and branch library gatherings, and seeing the good cheer of the people, noting their interest in all that affects the lives of their children, I am now much less disturbed than I was a few years ago about America's destiny. America's heart is *right*;

her CRITICS



NICHOLSON

*Illustration from an
etching by C. Jac Young*

that's the great thing and the frivolity and froth that so agitate doleful critics are only a superficial manifestation—a light affliction perhaps, but certainly not a deep-planted disease.

Yet a visitor from Mars might think, from reading the literature in all forms that has poured from the presses since the World War, that America is in a very bad way indeed. Not only fiction writers, a few of them writing sincerely and brilliantly of phases of society, but philosophers reckoning from similar data have created the impression that our nation is far from being the home of a people animated by sanity and reason. Not only are present conditions shown to be deplorable but the debunker has gleefully opened long-honored graves to prove that many of the American heroes of yesterday were not really the fine fellows we had long believed them to be, but feeble characters and in a few cases charlatans and hypocrites.

All this is interesting up to a certain point beyond which it becomes tiresome. We begin to be "fed up" with the deluge of pessimism and cynicism and to pray for the arrival of a few messengers of glad tidings. It isn't possible that any considerable number of our one hundred and twenty millions are degenerates. It can't be that all the folks are out joy-riding and soaking up synthetic gin. Somebody has to work! There must be a lot of people who tumble out of bed early every morning, do their jobs well and spend their leisure profitably, like intelligent beings.

If any preponderating part or even a considerable fraction of the population are hell-bent for the demdition bowwows the orderly course of business would certainly be seriously interrupted; schools and colleges would be putting up the shutters,

the churches would be closed, the instrumentalities of law and order would be paralyzed. My chief complaint of today's chroniclers and prophets of evil is that most of them seem to find delight in the evidences of depravity on which they base their tales and philosophies. This is not a spirit that commends itself to those—and they are not negligible—who are wholeheartedly helping on the good causes.

The impudence of America's foreign critics is an old story but we are not so sensitive to their jibes as Lowell was when years ago he rebuked "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Where there is envy there must also be hatred and malice. British novelists, drawing the larger part of their royalties from America, visit our shores, lecture to admiring audiences, are entertained in American homes and then depart to make a little more money by writing of the crudeness and ignorance of the American people. And this, too, is an old story. Our money is good but our manners are bad! I have sat at meat with a good many British writers, both men and women, and have been struck by their utter lack of comprehension of what we are trying to do in America. If the founders of the American nation had wanted to mold the colonies into another England, France or Germany they undoubtedly had the genius to do it. Fortunately they had other ideas. Most of these critics complain of the ugliness of our towns, of the lack of uniform "finish" in the people and the melancholy absence of culture. They are grieved by the evidences of prosperity and our preoccupation with business.

These critics, seeing nothing in their hurried lecture trips but what they want to see, do not represent (Continued on page 46)

THE second instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories is printed herewith. Another instalment will appear in the June issue. Rules governing the contest, in which five hundred dollars a month is awarded, are given at the conclusion of the instalment.

BIG

ALONG THE OURCQ \$100 Prize

IN THE tomb of the Unknown Soldier there is a body. To me it can only be that of one man.

It happened in August, 1918, three days after the Rainbow Division had taken the wheat-covered slopes of the Ourcq River banks. The first battalion of the 166th Infantry had established headquarters in an old chateau, 200 meters from Sergy.

Runners, observers and men lost from their outfits huddled in groups on the floor. There had been a lull in the fighting that day. The strain, lack of food and no sleep had extracted a toll from these men.

It was just getting dusk when a white-faced runner burst through the door. His eyes were panic-stricken and his fear was infectious. "They're coming through!" he shouted.

A movement of fright stirred through the room. Each face told of its owner's first thoughts—to escape.

But a tall, lanky soldier arose from their midst.

"Men," he said, "you know damned well they're not coming through as long as there's anybody left up there."

The exact words that followed are forgotten . . . they wouldn't describe what he meant now, anyway. But he finished with "I'm going up to the line," When he went out they all followed.

Sergy changed hands nine times that night, and I passed through the survivors at dawn. Not many were left, and none was as tall as that soldier who still haunts my thoughts.—H. S. ROBBINS, *Danville, Illinois.*

"HELLO, MR. FEAGAN" \$50 Prize

ONE big moment which I didn't fully grasp at the time it occurred came while I was a patient at the Fifth Southern General Hospital at Portsmouth, England. I had just a few days previously submitted to a blood transfusion and was still lingering between this world and the next, undoubtedly in a dazed condition, when a man in civilian clothes and accompanied by two ladies, one elderly and one young, came through the hospital; stopping at my cot the man took my hand and inquired solicitously about my condition. Surprised, I opened my eyes and said, "Hello, Mr. Feagan, how did you get here?" I thought he was a neighbor from South Carolina. The man told me I must be slightly mistaken, but failed to disclose his identity. He inquired as to where my home was, then in a very kindly manner expressed best wishes for my recovery and passed on. The two ladies also shook hands with me and as they were going along I watched all the orderlies stand at attention, and the nurses all bowing. I inquired who the visitors were and the nurse told me that it was King George of England whom I had just called by a neighbor's name, and the two ladies were the Queen and Princess Mary. She was horrified at my mistake, but it was unintentional on my part and evidently so considered by the King.—CHESTER A. CAMLIN, *Vesper, Wisconsin.*

TWO BIG MOMENTS \$50 Prize

MY BIG Moment came 11:24—11:26 A. M., July 19, 1918. At 11:24 the notes of the bugle sang out, "Abandon ship!" At 11:26 or thereabouts, I had just cleared the stern of the good ship *San Diego*, as she turned over to port, raised her nose high in the air, and made her dive down to Davy Jones's Locker.



"The man inquired solicitously about my condition. I opened

Although I was in the water four hours and five minutes, in the first two minutes my heavy thinking was all done! The first thing that flashed into my mind as I went over the side, via the port fo'c'sle was the fact that the cancellation of my government insurance had gone ashore in the last mail to leave the ship before we left Portsmouth, N. H., the day before.—ERNEST J. MARTIN, *North Long Beach, California.*

A MAJOR CASUALTY \$25 Prize

IT WAS in the spring of 1918 at Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, that I had my big moment but it was a good one on me. I was playing trombone in the 1st U. S. Medical Corps Band and we were preceding the first column of several thousand doctors and surgeons whom Uncle Sam was teaching the army business and who were to pass in review before the Surgeon General of the Army and other distinguished army officers for the first time. We were swinging down the parade ground playing a stirring march. Ahead of us crossing the parade ground

MOMENTS

*Illustration by
De Alton Valentine*



writer was trapped in the Conning Tower through which water was pouring from the open hatch above. The submarine sank stern first, this angle causing the hatch to close itself. The submarine hit the bottom. The lights went out.

Water from below entering the Conning Tower crept slowly up my body until only my head remained in the air chamber. I could breathe, but only for a short time. I must escape. I pushed with all my strength against the hatch but could not budge it. I tried again. This time the water pressure and the air pressure were equalized and with this last supreme effort, the hatch flew open.

I was shot out of the Conning Tower into the water like a rocket. I had to breathe. A big moment, for my head was still inside the air bubble and I took in air instead of water.

Rapidly the bubble and I neared the surface. Looking up, a small spot of water lighter in color appeared, which grew in size, when suddenly I was shot out into the sunshine.

Two of the six men were swimming near by. Three were drowned. I was picked up with the other two and taken back to the Base at New London. The G-2 has never been raised.—CLAIR E. KIRK, Upland, California.

AS THE SIRENS SOUNDED

\$25 Prize

A HOSPITAL in the suburbs of Liverpool. We were nearing the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, Armistice Day, 1918. Every man or woman who was in any one of the areas of action will remember the peculiar hush which preceded the announcement of the Armistice. It was so in the war, a sad yet hopeful quiet reigned. I was standing by a screened bed watching and trying to ease the passing of an American soldier, a victim of the dreadful flu epidemic which filled the hospitals to overflowing.

At the sound of the first announcing siren of the Armistice, he opened his eyes in wonder at the unusual noise, then as the noise increased outside, alternate expressions of understanding, recognition, pain and despair passed over his face. Grasping my hand feebly he murmured, "Too late" and passed to the Unknown Land. I thought of his meaning. Did he mean he was too late to fight or that for him the Armistice was too late? . . .

And as the Armistice days roll on at the eleventh hour I face the east and vision the dying boy and hear again his whispered, "Too late, too late."—MRS. E. G. PHIPPS, Valders, Wisconsin.

"OH, MAJOR!"

\$25 Prize

HE WAS no doubt the most popular major, or at least the best-known major, in the entire Army. Every soldier in the division, even the newest replacements, seemed to know the major by his large pot belly, his pointed beard and the dignity and uniqueness of his painstaking but not altogether military salute.

The major and his battalion were lying in the tall grass waiting the early morning zero hour which was to take them over the top from Metz-point, or, as the major had expressed it while making his customary inspection of the men, "Get ready, you red-blooded Americans, and we'll go over and get those sons."

my eyes and said, 'Hello Mr. Feagan, how did you get here?' "

was a concrete walk. Now we had marched down this parade ground dozens of times before, with its little concrete walk and nothing had ever happened, but on this one big day it did happen. Just as we were passing the reviewing officers I tripped over our little walk and fell right smack on my trombone and it became a mass of useless metal. From the reviewing staff I drew laughs, haughty contempt, from the general an amused smile and from a very much disgusted drum major who was partly turned to his right in snappy salute, "Put that damn horn up to your face and blow, you boob"—this in low guttural growls between his teeth, and me with a slide trombone that looked like a busted pretzel. I felt like the prize sap of the whole Army at that moment.—DAVID S. BURD, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

INSIDE THE BUBBLE

\$25 Prize

JULY 30, 1919, the U. S. Submarine G-2 sank. hatches open, in 85 feet of water off New London, Connecticut. Of the six men aboard, five reached the top-side via the forward hatch. The



The zero hour came. The artillery opened up with the usual fireworks, and by ten o'clock the objective, a small hill bordering a lightly wooded plot, was reached with very little resistance. All of the boys then lay down to get what they considered a well-earned rest. The major having much the same thought did likewise. It was not his custom to try and rank a man out of his newly constructed foxhole and besides they were not getting any counter fire.

A runner soon came up to the spot where the men were digging in and after looking around cautiously stood up and yelled at the top of his voice, "Oh, Major."

The major was quickly on his toes and getting up from his resting place about sixty yards away, yelled back at the runner so that the whole battalion could hear him, "How many times have I told you not to call me 'Major' while we're on the front. Don't you know that every German sniper in those woods is looking for majors? If you want to address me just say, 'Come here, you old gray whiskered son of a what!'"—GUY B. WOODSON, *Chicago, Illinois*.

C'ETAIT LA GUERRE

\$10 Prize

HOME at last on leave, with my war bride. Armistice signed; winter clamping down; precious days around parental hearth flying too fast. Needed: Exceptional circumstances for more time. Someone was throwing a big country club party. Enough! I wired. That failing, an ice-clad Pullman instead, back to interminable drill. At zero hour came the life-saver, "Extension granted."

Talk about a celebration! Town-folks lavishing me with adulation for doughboys still in France. And me brazenly wallowing in it. Why not? I hadn't got across, but I'd signed every possible foreign service list. Dance? We galloped! Everyone stuck for the last encore. And the car fairly flew home. Who cared for drifted roads? Or blizzards? God and the adjutant general were good.

In our exuberance we almost forgot to drain the radiator. And I scarcely felt the frosted knob bite as we swung gaily into the welcoming warmth of the house. Then a full stop—speechless. All staring at another telegram poked under the door. I tore at it with numbed fingers that suddenly tingled. It wasn't possible! Dimly I recalled a week's old sensation at camp when frantic officers of Uncle Sam's vast army of disappointment "over here" clutched at final straws.

YOU ARE ORDERED SIBERIAN SERVICE REPORT HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY

sizzled electric words. What a setting for that assignment! And what a wife!—chalk-white but game. It was my big moment. And ten days later our transport was breasting the Pacific, headed towards the great adventure—slightly delayed.—GEORGE T. ARMITAGE, *Honolulu, Hawaii*.

A SISTER'S ORDEAL

\$10 Prize

MY YOUNGER brother, Earl, was in the Navy on the U.S.S. *Kearsarge* which patrolled the Eastern coast and nearby waters. We heard from him irregularly and seldom twice from the same place, and were never sure of his safety. Imagine our sorrow upon being called by telephone one morning in October, 1918, by our local undertaker and being informed that he had just received the body of J. E. Davis, which had been sent from a coast hospital. Those were my brother's initials and of course we were plunged in grief. My mother was prostrated by such terrible news and it fell to my lot to make the sorrowful preparations accompanying such a calamity.

With a family friend I went to the establishment where the body lay and forcing myself to do so, went in to look upon my brother. I shall never forget my emotions at that moment, for

never had I seen the face that I looked down upon! By no stretch of the imagination could it have been my brother's.

I could have cried for joy at my relief, or wept in grief knowing that some other sister or mother must suffer as I had when this mistake was unraveled. It turned out that the address had been misread and though the boy bore the same name he lived in another county. We were spared, but this will always be my most vivid memory of that thrilling year.—MRS. CARL BACHMAN, *Fort Scott, Kansas*.

TAKING IT FROM HANK

\$10 Prize

AROUND the latter part of July of 1918 I was on detached service with the 166th Infantry from Ohio. I was driving the regimental medical wagon over a shelled road. We would wait for a shell to light, then we would go into high. When we thought it was time for another one to land, we would lay down and wait, then go into high again. We finally reached our destination on high, set up our dressing station and went to work. I don't remember much of the first few days as we were worked night and day taking care of wounded. The casualties of the 166th Infantry in the Aisne-Marne battle were about sixty per cent.

As the back country was under heavy shell fire I could not get any forage for my mules. I went out to salvage some from the dead mules and horses and committed that unforgivable sin, forgot to take my gas mask. The Jerries threw over some sneeze gas and I went for the dressing station on the run, sneezing at every jump. When I got there, I was met by a tall sergeant. What he told me about leaving my gas mask off during a gas attack was a plenty. I took it standing. After said lecture, I asked who the sergeant was. He was Hank Gowdy, former Boston baseball star. He was regimental gas noncom. He had been the first big league ball player to enlist.

For a boy who came from the big sticks and who followed baseball in the papers but who had never spoken to a big league player, you can imagine how I felt. I could always tell how I was in battle with Hank Gowdy, the baseball star.—LANTY C. CALLIHAN, *Weiser, Idaho*.

SMOOTH PASSAGE

\$10 Prize

OURS was a National Guard outfit, and, shortly before we went over, we were filled out to war strength with a bunch of drafted men. Among them was a big, raw-boned fellow from out west, and he could outcuss any man I ever saw. He was forever cursing the Army and everything connected with it. When we got across, it was worse. The only time he ever used the name of the deity was profanely, and, while I was no angel myself, it used to get on my nerves. He kept this up all of the time, but when we started the Argonne drive, as he was in another platoon I lost track of him.

About the fourth day in the woods the Jerries all at once located us, and opened up on us with everything they had. It was awful. We were literally "shot to hell." What was left of us were helping the wounded into dugouts, when I saw this guy. He was carrying his buddy, little Kelley, into a dugout. Kelley had both legs shot off, and knew he was dying. "Please, boys, pray for me," he gasped, and the big guy knelt down and, with tears streaming down his face, made one of the best prayers I ever heard in my life. It was wonderful, I think God heard him. Poor Kelley died smiling.—H. R. FRENCH, *East Radford, Virginia*.

"PAY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS"

\$10 Prize

AFTER the World War, I landed in New York with a new army discharge, sixty dollars, and a firm determination to return to France when financially able to marry the little girl



who had promised to await me—"toujours." Two long years later I got a month's leave of absence from my job, drew all my savings, and left for Europe. I had a round-trip and one extra return ticket and a few dollars for incidental expenses. Her folks stood the wedding expense and gave us many beautiful things. When we reached the Manhattan pier, all I had left was a little change, and one fifty-dollar traveler's check. The customs inspectors, who seemed to take an undue interest in my affairs, examined minutely all the silver and linen and embroidery, conferred in whispers. I talked pretty fast, stressing my status as a veteran, and as the "head of a family," entering with necessary household goods, but to no avail. After lengthy calculations they finally announced that the duty would be only \$47.60. I took the paper they gave me and went to the window, bravely prepared to cash my last check, but wondering how we two could get along until pay day. And I tell you it was a wonderful feeling when the clerk said, "Just sign here, and pay twenty-five cents for a revenue stamp!" Turning, I saw the two inspectors bursting with laughter and winking at my brand-new wife!—BRYANT HALL, *Los Angeles, California.*

ON BEING HIT \$10 Prize

SOMETIMES people have asked me how it feels to be shot. However, this is how I remember it. Three bullets in neck and head while firing from shell hole.

Phlut! Then. Pung! Ung-ung-ung in sickening vibration as something gigantic and overwhelming seemed to crush me. The actual impact felt blunt and subdued, yet fearful; causing a faint tearing and shuddering effect as flesh and bone resisted, but immediately gave way. Then something in the nature of heart beats like dull throbbing vibrated through the brain; first with great force and rapidly but gradually diminishing until only a slight but constant humming remained. All the while there was a slow bending of the body forward until I was no longer a target for enemy bullets; but more resembling one toward whom the shadow of death approaches and is prompted as an attitude of reverence.

Perhaps there was a lull in the firing or S— may have come over very near when he spoke, for I could hear a low voice saying: "L— is done for, I guess." Immediately a tinge of resentment swept over me against that benediction and I tried so hard to tell him he was wrong. But alas! I could make no sound. It was Youth trying to cry out: "Hold, I must not die!"—and Death screeching back, "I give no quarter."

Goaded by the threat of death, yet animated by the instinct of life I determined to end it all one way or another. I would snatch up my rifle, its blackened blade already fixed, and dash headlong at my tormentor. With a fierce desire to conquer or fight it out at all costs, I was in the act of leaping over when a voice close by, subdued but very firm, exclaimed: "Get your damn head down or you'll get it again!" I was staring at S—. Then I understood. I was yet living—not dying—for my country.—CLARENCE D. HATHAWAY, *Deposit, New York.*

THE SPECIALIST \$10 Prize

A "GUY" dropped down from nowhere to deliver a message from G. H. Q. to our colonel, at Mars-sur-Alliers. He stopped for dinner, and afterwards asked me to take a ride in his plane.

That ride among the clouds, over Mars-sur-Alliers, remains in my memory yet. As an airman I would be a fair, just a fair, sailor.

Well, while at dinner, he told us of an amusing incident.

At his aviation field, some artist with architectural ability, had constructed what would be termed Down East here, a beauti-

ful and quite luxurious latrine, on the edge of the take-off end of the field.

Here the men found a safe haven of refuge, to read their letters from home and enjoy an occasional siesta.

You know the kind of building then in vogue, about eight or nine or ten could squeeze in, on a pinch. A comfortable pole for your back, one long opening for seats and lots and lots of sunlight.

Well, it had foot-prints painted on the floor, so you could sit up real nice and close and chummy-like.

An aviator miscalculated his distance and as he did not get sufficient elevation, his fusilage just touched the roof. No harm was done, but the blooming thing tipped off its floor, and there all exposed to the ground-fleet and visitors sat "our gang" contentedly reading, and otherwise improving their minds.—CARL LEIGHTON, *Cape Elizabeth, Maine.*

GAS—3,000 MILES AWAY \$10 Prize

THE day's work was ended and the nurses and doctors of the army hospital staff had finished their evening meal. They had seated themselves in a group in the mess hall to rest and talk over the day's happenings. The war was well under way—it was March of 1918.

Except for the extreme cold of that particular winter our work had gone ahead in a humdrum manner. The stark horrors of modern warfare had not come our way. We toiled day after day among our patients and as fast as they recovered they were marked "Duty" and sent off to the front—such was the quiet and peaceful state of affairs that existed on the night of which I speak.

Suddenly we were brought to our feet with nerves atingle, by the terrified scream of the head nurse. "Gas!" she yelled, running madly to the windows. Trapped like rats—no gas masks within miles as we thought that we would never need them. Those who were smoking noticed immediately the peculiar coppery taste of their tobacco and then noticed the strangely agreeable odor of peach seeds in the air. Cyanide! That insidious, subtle and sugar-coated vapor of almost instant death.

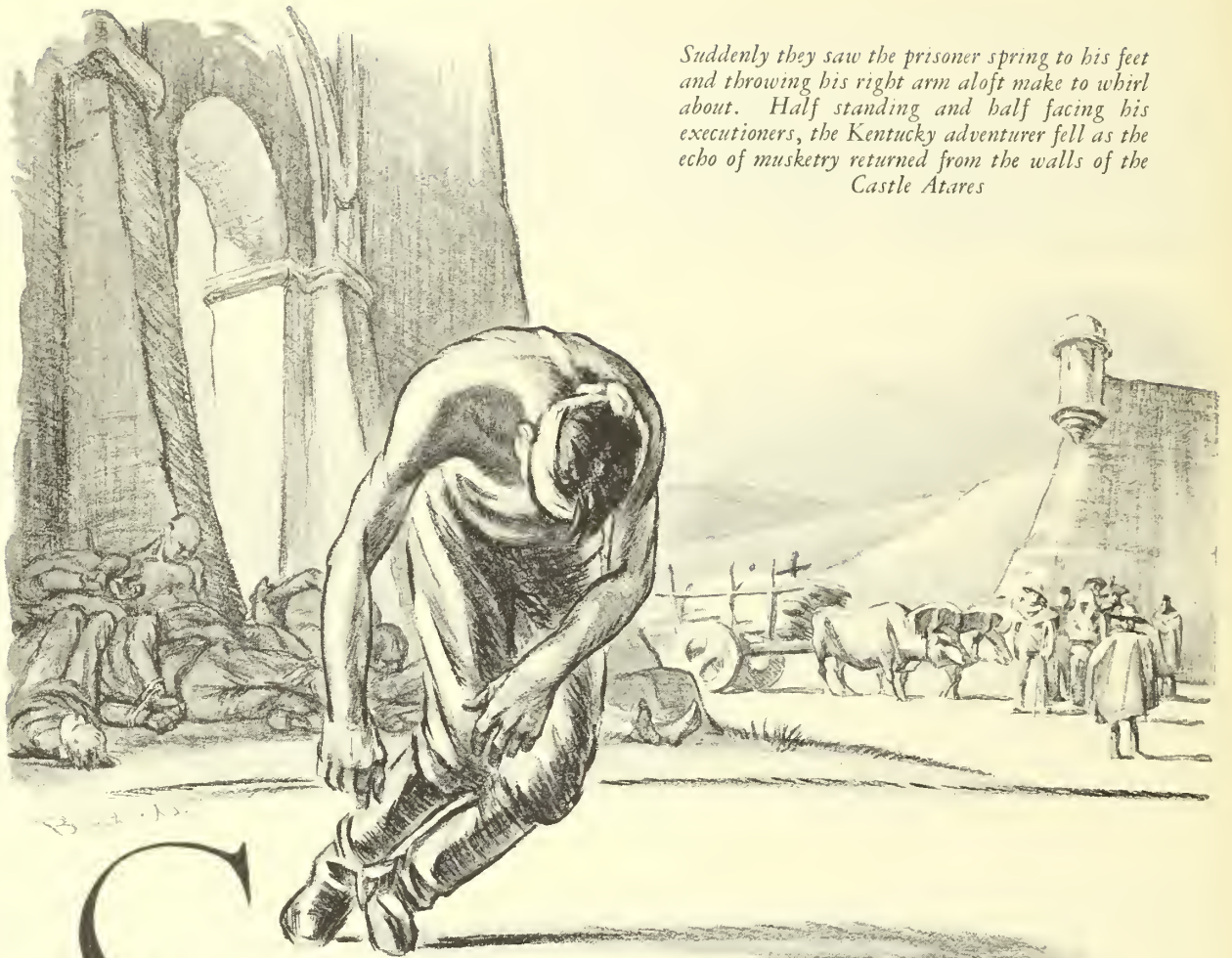
Pandemonium reigned as we fought our way to the open air. We were dizzy-headed and our hearts were pounding like trip-hammers from breathing the cyanide gas.

Breathing deeply of the clear night air we speedily recovered and cautiously approached the hospital. Inquiry revealed that one of the Public Health officers had decided to rid the basement kitchen of cockroaches, laid his lethal charge of cyanide, said nothing to anyone and went away. The wind shifted, blowing the gas upstairs and we missed our chance at one of those ritzy army funerals by the keen nose of the head nurse. Gassed!—in New York harbor in a hospital on Hoffman Island with the front line trenches over 3,000 miles away.—DR. R. D. LINN, *Salem, Ohio.*

HE DIDN'T COME BACK \$10 Prize

IT WAS in January, 1917, with the cry for war increasing in volume as each month passed. I was a sophomore in high school, ugly, clumsy, poorly-dressed, never noticed except during class recitation, where by dint of hard work I managed to excel. There was held on a Friday afternoon an "entertainment" whose chief feature was a debate on whether or not the United States should have a larger Army and Navy, and I was the leader of the affirmatives.

It was my big chance to conquer my insignificance—and I knew it. Besides my heart was in my work, for I loved my country above all else and believed in it. So I thundered out my speech like a congressman on Independence Day. Every large nation had greater armaments than we, I cried. Without armaments we could neither insure safety (Continued on page 36)



Suddenly they saw the prisoner spring to his feet and throwing his right arm aloft make to whirl about. Half standing and half facing his executioners, the Kentucky adventurer fell as the echo of musketry returned from the walls of the Castle Atares

SEÑOR TRIES

By Marquis

SENATOR DAVIS shook his head. One hundred thousand dollars in gold deposited to his wife's account upon the sailing of the expedition, with guarantee of another hundred thousand dollars upon the capture of Havana, was ample reward, to be sure, but the senator must remain at his post in Washington, content with the satisfaction of having played a less spectacular, though no less vital, rôle in the wrenching of Cuba from Spain.

Other good men for the field were available. In the Army, the senator said, was a Captain Lee of the Engineers, conveniently stationed at Baltimore. Captain Lee was able. His achievements had contributed more than the public imagined to the success of Scott in Mexico during the late war.

Jefferson Davis's caller was a man of small stature, striking appearance and striking history. His mobile face expressed disappointment. It was an arresting face, well-formed and dark, lighted by large black eyes that might have belonged to a beautiful woman, and crowned by a wealth of perfectly white hair. He was forty-seven years old.

Another impetuous appeal to Mr. Davis, another firm but polite refusal, and writing down the name of Robert E. Lee, Narcisso López made his elaborate Spanish adieux and departed for Baltimore. A man who lounged unobtrusively in the lobby of the National Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue while the conference had taken place in chambers above followed General López to Baltimore. He was a spy of Spain.

Spain must omit nothing to protect Cuba, last citadel of its power in the New World it had discovered. Within the memory of living men Spain had ruled a domain beside which the territorial conquests of Napoleon seem trivial. The wealth she had

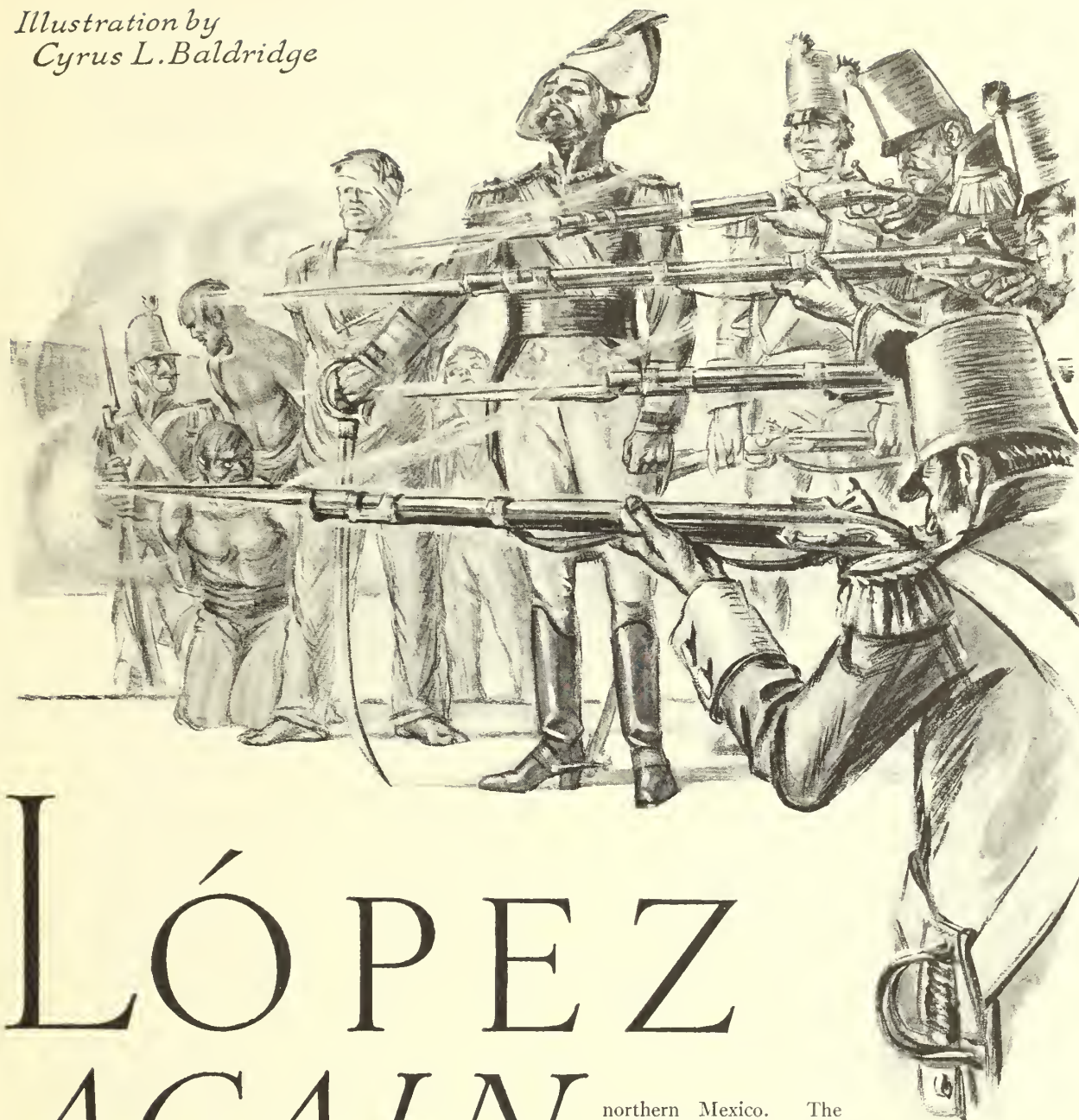
taken from these dependencies has never been computed. Then she lost Louisiana, lost Florida, lost South America, lost Central America, lost Mexico. They had toppled like dominoes, and in all the New World only Cuba, on the soil of which Columbus himself had planted the flag in 1492, saw that flag now.

There she meant that her flag should stay, continuing, as measures to that end, the blind policy that had brought about the swift wreck of her empire. One captain general of that island, when in a tight place, had conceived a means of retiring from Cuba with dignity. As a parting gesture, Spain might free the slaves of Cuba and turn them loose upon whatever whites should attempt to succeed her, repeating the horrors of Haiti on a more comprehensive scale. "Then . . . we should at least have written in history that our departure from America corresponded to the heroic story of its acquisition."

Thus Spain and her ideas of national grandeur in 1848. But this spirit contained enough of the heritage of Cortez and the Pizarros to keep Cuba, come what might, for another fifty years.

More than pride prompted Spain's tenacity. Cuba was rich.

Illustration by
Cyrus L. Baldridge



LÓPEZ AGAIN

James

The enormous revenues proved a gold mine for the captain general and his complicated administration, military and civil, which Cuba supported in addition to sending annually great sums to Spain. In 1850 he had at his disposal on the island, which is the size of Ohio, sixteen battalions of infantry, twelve squadrons of cavalry and two brigades of artillery, all Spanish regulars. Taxation was heavy and the civil service was crowded with loafers from Spain who stole themselves to affluence. Although they grumbled, it hardly occurred to the taxpayers that a public official might be honest. The taxpayers, mostly coffee and sugar planters, were more concerned about their slaves, who comprised three-sevenths of the population. The agitations of British and New England abolitionists formed a source of anxiety that strengthened the hands of the captain general to whom the planters might have to look for protection.

But for the attitude of the United States, the idea of freedom from Spain would have found little favor in Cuba. In 1809, six years after his purchase of Louisiana, Thomas Jefferson had foreseen the acquisition of Cuba and perhaps of Canada. In 1819 Jackson took Florida and John Quincy Adams said that Cuba would be next. But Texas was next, and after that Oregon and

northern Mexico. The United States was too busy to bother about Cuba. Meantime the question of slavery extension had arisen, and Adams, before he died, and the North generally changed front on Cuban annexation.

The South, naturally, took an opposite view, and in 1848, with the Mexican War out of the way, Secretary of State Buchanan, a Pennsylvanian with Southern leanings, exclaimed, "Cuba is now ready to fall into our hands!"

This was the sentiment that in August of that year brought General López to Washington to speak to Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

He had come a long way, Narciso López was the son of a ranch owner in Venezuela. When the revolt of Simon Bolivar destroyed his father's fortune the boy joined the Spanish cavalry. For seven years he supported the losing cause of the crown in the rebellious provinces of South America, and with the eventual triumph of the liberator sailed away with the beaten Spanish army to Cuba, a colonel of regulars at twenty-three with an impressive collection of medals for valor. In Havana he married into a wealthy family and was recalled with his regiment to Spain. When civil war broke out between the partisans of Don Carlos and the liberal (by comparison) Maria Christina for the throne, López espoused the cause of Christina. She emerged victorious with López a field marshal and governor of Madrid at the age of thirty-four. He was elected a senator in the Cortes, and lost some of his great popularity by the espousal (Continued on page 40)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The Third Arm



TEN-YEAR battle waged by the United States Army of which the public has heard little or nothing has at last ended in victory.

Since the World War, members of the Regular Army have been existing under living conditions that in any less disciplined and patriotic organization would hardly have been endured. There was no complaint by Regulars of makeshift housing during the war. Inconvenience and discomfort were natural and accepted consequences of a sudden, vast expansion of the military establishment.

But following demobilization of the emergency army many war cantonments, particularly the flying fields, were retained as active bases. Congress failed to consider that living conditions which were endurable in stress of war were a severe strain on the fortitude of the nation's military servants and their families in times of prosaic peace.

In the decade and more which has passed since the Armistice the land forces suffered with Spartan forbearance as victims of the fetish of governmental economy while emergency war buildings and antiquated structures of pre-war days went from bad to worse.

But now a change is impending. Throughout the military establishment, at home and in America's distant possessions, the echoes of hammer and saw and the tap of mason's trowel fill the spring air. Ugly brick barracks and officers' quarters are being renovated and modernized. Homelike residences are springing up on every army post to replace the weatherworn, ramshackle emergency buildings which long sheltered the Army in progressive discomfort and discouragement.

Congress has decided that the country's defenders are entitled to the creature comforts of their fellow men. As if to make amends for its dilatoriness, it has provided appropriations unstintingly. Having recognized the fact that comfortable, decent homes are essential to sound morale, Congress has gone a step further. It has acknowledged the importance of esthetic values and the need of expanding recreational facilities. Experts on city planning are advising War Department quartermasters and engineers on how best to relieve the drab similarity of old army post architecture and make each fort, camp and flying field a distinctive municipality capable of engendering civic pride.

For the most part the Army's housing program provides for the modernization of old buildings and the replacement of war emergency buildings with

attractive, substantial structures. But an outstanding new project is embraced in the program—a flying field for the concentration of flying training.

Up from a mesquite desert on the Old Spanish Trail, sixteen miles northeast of San Antonio, are rising the first buildings on Randolph Field. Two years hence the first class of fledgeling eagles will matriculate. Eight million dollars is now available for the erection of the first unit of 123 buildings. Construction is under way with streets and utilities already installed. The approved plans call for a total of 512 buildings and four separate airdromes, each two miles long. It is estimated that the ultimate cost will reach \$50,000,000.

In planning Randolph Field, which takes its name from a native Texan, Captain William M. Randolph, adjutant of Kelly Field, who died in an airplane crash on February 17, 1918, the designers have attempted to look a half century into the future. It embraces a radically new idea in aviation posts, in that the building area is located in the center of the great 2300-acre tract. The flying fields will radiate on four sides from the 450-acre city where will ultimately live five thousand people all concerned in one way or another with the art of military aviation.

The Spanish atmosphere of old Texas has supplied the architectural motif. Barracks, officers' quarters, every building but the hangars, will derive form from the picturesque eighteenth-century missions of the Southwest, notably the Alamo and the Mission San Francisco de Espada.

Like the bastioned walls of a medieval city, the building area is to be enclosed by twenty or more great hangars of steel and concrete. Within that novel enclosure arriving flyers may look down on a rare mosaic pattern.

From the center of the area will spread a giant wheel. The hub will comprise the officers' mess. Radiating as spokes will be residential streets with 359 distinctive homes, no two exactly alike. In the odd corners will stand barracks and utility buildings with a separate area for the housing of the cadet detachment. The recreational facilities provided for are without precedent in the Army. Thirty-six tennis courts, seven swimming pools, a modern athletic field, playgrounds, and a \$60,000 gymnasium are features of the outlay.

From a 175-foot tower over the administration building a brilliant beacon will revolve from dusk to dawn. Floodlights with a half-mile radius will illuminate the fields for night flying. Each hangar will house from eighteen to twenty planes, depending on



“WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER”

their size. Initial equipment will consist of 360 planes with a valuation of \$4,000,000. It will be possible for 250 planes to take off at the same time. The capacity of the Army's new aviation school will be five hundred cadets, 350 officers and 2200 enlisted men.

Erroneously, this magnificent flying headquarters is already being hailed as “the West Point of the air.” At the present moment it is no such thing. For it will be some years before Randolph Field becomes the United States Aviation Academy in the sense that West Point is the nation's military academy and Annapolis its naval academy—if it ever does become so.

The present plan is to concentrate there all primary flying activities now divided between Brooks Field at San Antonio and March Field at Riverside, California. If the traffic problem of so many neophyte birdmen in the air can be solved, the advanced flying classes now

trained at Kelly Field will be transferred to concentrate all training activities at Randolph Field. For the present at least the Navy will continue to operate its own schools for flying webfeet at Pensacola and San Diego.

Nevertheless the great new aviation training base was originally conceived and evolved as a United States Aviation Academy and air enthusiasts declare that it is merely a matter of time before it will have conferred on it the same distinctive status as now attaches to the land and sea training institutions—a full recognition of the third unit in the trinity of national defense.

The advantages of an aviation academy which would provide a rounded course of instruction for all cadets, enabling every flying officer to co-operate with both land and sea forces in tactical and strategical maneuvers, are obvious.

LIVINGSTON



By
LEONARD
H. NASON

Chapters I-VII in Brief

SONS of a deceased Regular Army officer who had fought in the Indian wars, Rupert and John Livingston, cadets at a Vermont military school, get into the Army soon after the United States enters the World War. Rupert, the elder, who had been cadet major at the military school, wins a commission as a lieutenant at Plattsburg, and is sent to Fort Ethan Allen. John joins the Vermont National Guard and is sent overseas. Rupert, becoming mess officer of his battery, finds that the mess sergeant has been appropriating to his own use the money with which he should have paid the bills. When he is arrested, the non-com tries to stab Rupert with a kitchen knife, but loses his nerve and the knife drops to the floor. The battery is sent to Mississippi, where it receives its orders to go overseas. Rupert, however, is told he must remain behind to appear against the mess sergeant.

Chapter VIII

Somewhere in France
May 15, 1918.

DEAR Home Guard,
I have just awakened from a good long sleep and had a big meal of good old army slum washed down with a bucket of good old army coffee, and I'm going to write you a long letter. Mother tells me that she sends you all my letters, but I'm going to write you direct, because there are things I don't want her to know, that I

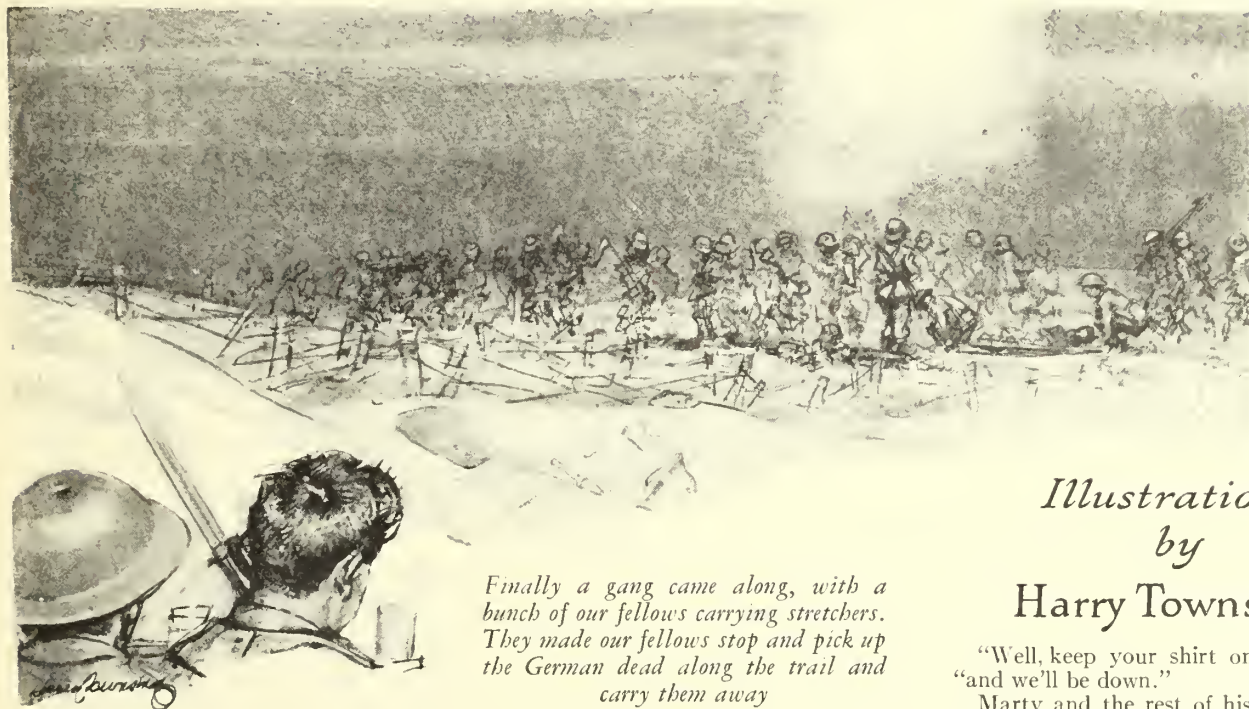
don't mind your knowing, like the time we went to Rennes and got soused, and I got busted from a corporalecy I didn't have. I received and noted the very fine bawling out you sent me about that, but never mind, old kid, I'll console you now. Listen, now, that is, read carefully, and maybe you'll get some pointers to teach the boys back home when they go over the top of the dummy trench to do desperate battle with a bunch of gunny sacks full of straw.

"'Twas the nineteenth of April, seventy-five, hardly a man is now alive—" that's the way it begins. Well, Marty Ferrand, who was a rook, you remember, your senior year, is a corporal in a machine gun outfit here. His old man owns a bank in Jericho, or some place up there, and the old gent had sent Marty an express check for his birthday. You wouldn't guess that it would arrive a week ahead, so that he could get the money, would you? Well, it did.

Since I was in charge of the mail orderlies, and both being Norwich men, anyway, I was invited to the birthday party. Being in charge of the mail orderlies, I say, I could go down to the Big Town and purchase a little here and there from the French co-op, and from the Y, and from one or two stores that still managed to do business. We couldn't get much except wet goods, but we got lots of those, and that night Joe Stink came up from his battery and we all went up to Marty's dugout. Joe Stink's a Norwich man, too; why not? They still try to run him out of the division every once in a while, but it's no go.

The last time they caught him with his store teeth out of his mouth, they ran him right up to the general, but the Old Man

BROTHERS



Finally a gang came along, with a bunch of our fellows carrying stretchers. They made our fellows stop and pick up the German dead along the trail and carry them away

*Illustrations
by
Harry Townsend*

"Well, keep your shirt on," said I, "and we'll be down."

Marty and the rest of his gun crew had a peach of a dugout. It was under-

said, "Let him stay. He may stop a bullet that would kill a better man." So Joe is still with us, driving a swing team on a dam' gun.

It was a long walk up from where we were, and we were kind of scared that we might be grabbed by the M.P.'s, because you're not allowed to circulate around the front as if it were your own back yard. We hopped onto an escort wagon, but that didn't get us very far, and then we waited to see if maybe a truck or something wouldn't come along, but nothing came, and so we had to hoof it.

I'd been up there with mail a couple of times, so I knew fairly well where it was, but there was a damned curve in the road the Boche shell all the time called Dead Man's Curve, and we decided to cut across the fields and escape it.

Man, if it hadn't been for the thought of all the chow and stuff that was waiting for us up there, we'd have turned back. It seemed to me that the more we walked, the further away it got. There wasn't much traffic there either, just a few runners going by, or a mule pulling a ration cart.

We were lost for good for awhile, but we heard a big gun let go right beside us, and that located us. That dizzy gang from Rhode Island that was changed from light artillery to heavy, so they'd be sure not to know any more about their job than the rest of us, have got a great big gun they run around with and snipe with it as if it were a rifle. They'll get blown to hell yet one of these days.

Well, it was their gun we heard let off, and that gave us our position again. We were cheered because we only had a couple of miles more to go. We went into a communication trench about there, but it was too slow walking, and we decided we'd walk along the top again. We could keep our direction better there anyway, because we could see the flares going up from the front line, and there was a mountain that looked like a dog lying down that guided us, too.

The Boches were up on that mountain and there was an order that we weren't to read or write letters except under cover, because the Boches could read them with their glasses from the observation posts they had there. I never saw said order, but a guy on the next one to me said he had. You know where all these rumors start.

Well, never mind, we got up to where Marty's outfit was and found him and a couple of his buddies, and we forgot all our hard work, because they had a nice fire going in an old gasoline tin, and liquor and candles, and plenty of cigarettes.

"Come in, boys!" yelled Marty, when we hollered down the stairs. "We're waitin' for you. Where yuh been? We were just on the point of opening up and having a go."

neath what had been a good big house, and some officers who had lived in it once had reinforced the ceiling with a foot or so of concrete, and put a wooden door on it. These Frogs, though, even officers, leave kind of a high odor behind when they leave, and Marty's captain wouldn't have it. He took himself another dugout. Our officers want to be nearer their guns, too, so they can go out and catch a guy asleep.

Some of the other guys that slept there were on the gun, but they'd had a couple of bottles to console 'em, and had taken a couple more out to the gun, so we didn't waste much pity on 'em.

First off we had a bottle of vin rooge, just to wet our lips, then we fried up a lot of eggs over the fire in the gasoline can, then we had another bottle of vin. Then I got up and made a speech.

"It's time," said I, "before the evening grows later and we more hilarious, because I've had the buying of the provisions and I know what's to come, it's time that we realized what this party is being given for. The 19th of April is a famous date in history. It's the day that Paul Revere awakened every Middlesex village and farm, and we're going to follow his example by awakening everyone in this part of France.

"But that isn't the occasion that is most to be celebrated, the occasion that has drawn us together and linked heart and hand, is because this is the day that our esteemed fellow townsman and compatriot, Marty Ferrand, first saw the light of day. He's not my fellow townsman, because I wouldn't hold any truck with anyone from the Jericho side of the mountains, and when he was at Norwich with me he was the freshest rook since the Old South Barracks O! burned down. But nevertheless the occasion of his birth is to be celebrated."

I paused to catch my breath and think of what to say next, but out of the corner of my eye I saw Joe Stink having a go at a certain bottle I knew was there, so I cut it short.

"I propose the health of my old friend, Marty Ferrand!" I yelled, "and let's drink it before Joe Stink laps up all the coneyac I brought up as a birthday present!"

Big cheers. Well, would you think it, every one of those lads thought he ought to give Marty some present, and each one of them had decided that the best present would be a bottle of cognac, because then the giver could help drink it. That made six, or one apiece, and on top of the wine we'd drunk—well, I could see it was going to be a good party, only I mustn't do a pass out, because if Joe and I got caught up there by daylight, we'd have to spend the day there. Quiet as the sector was, it was suicide to go back in the daytime, even if you wouldn't get run in by the police

for doing it; and we were in wrong enough now, both of us, without getting nailed for A.W.O.L. in the face of the enemy.

"Come on, give us a song!" said Marty, after we'd sampled the birthday present.

One of the machine gunners sang a good one. I can remember that one.

Oh the hike don't make me mad nor the battle make me sad,
It's eatin' of the chow that makes me riled.
For the old hard tack, a hammer couldn't crack,
And the vegetables as like as not is spoiled.
The old army bean is the toughest ever seen,
And the meat is always cut from round the knee.
The little gold fishie may satisfy milishy,
But it ain't gonna never do for me!

"I object to that song," says Joe, very solemn. "It's an insult to the regiment and to the division. What's good enough for us is good enough for anyone!"

"It's just a song, old hoppity skip," said the guy that had sung it. "If you don't like my song, you can get the hell out of here!"

"Now listen!" I yelled right off, because this machine gunner had been making wise cracks right along, and I was kind of sore at him anyway, but Marty butted right in.

"This is my party!" said he, "and Joe Stink is my guest. He's right; we won't have any wise cracks about the milishy here. We've showed up Pershing's regulars more than once. There. Anybody's not content with that can just step outside and I'll take his measure. I guess I'll say who's to stay and who's to go at my own birthday party."

Just then Joe began to sing an old song I'd never heard. Gee, it was keen, too, about the College Cavaliers, the old outfit that went from Norwich and the Vermont colleges, and fought in the Civil War. It ended up:

Come cavaliers, up gentlemen all!
Stand to your horses, and answer the call.
Peep in the keg of life's delight,
We'll sink our goblets this very night.
Let us away, let us away,
The night is old and 'twill soon be day.

"What's that?" said Marty, all of a sudden, holding up his hand.

Bong!

Believe me, everyone listened.

Crack! The door shook. We all looked at each other, and the chills began to chase each other up and down my spine. Was it the Boches?

"You drunken sons!" yelled a voice faintly, "cut out that goddamned noise! How the hell you expect us to sleep with you screechin' like a bunch o' tomcats?"

Blop!

"They're peggin' stones at the door," said one of the other gunners. "It's that gang of pill rollers from the dressing station."

"Let's go out and tangle horns with 'em!" suggested Marty.

"No, no!" objected Joe. "It'll make a row and get the officers around and then there'll be an end to all the likker. T'hell with 'em. Come on, let's sing another song. They can't get in the door, can they?"

"Naw, I put a bar of wood across it."

"Well, let's wet our whistle all around and have another song. One we can all sing."

This we did; in fact we had two wets of our whistle

or even three. We got a song going good, too. It was "Casey Jones" and we all knew it. Then we banged away at Lulu for awhile, 'til the dust began to fall on us out of the floor overhead and we had to wash that out of our mouths.

Then we sang a new one, called, "Do You Want To Find the General?" It has about a million verses, one for all the grades and one for the Y, and one for the nurses. Well, we'd just about got to the corporals and where were they, when the door nearly flew off its hinges. I wasn't so tight but what I could smell powder smoke, and I knew just as well as I do my name that someone had banged a grenade at us. Everyone in that dugout agreed with me, I guess, because the next thing I knew we were all out in the street.

I expected the whole sector would be up, and down there, but it was dark as hell out there and you couldn't see a thing. Finally our eyes got used to the darkness, and we could see that it was just a bunch of pill-rollers from across the street that were sore because they hadn't been invited. They hadn't thrown a grenade at us either, but had just rolled a big hunk of stone down the stairs, because I'd skinned my shin on it coming up.

Well, I don't know who started first, but all of a sudden I heard a smack and there was Marty and a pill-roller on the ground scuffling. The details I don't recall, because it was dark, and things were confused and all, but I do know that I worked around to where the gunner was that I didn't like, and I stretched him. Rupe, he went down like a log and lay there like a cross, arms outstretched.

"There's one less throat to drink up what's left of the party!" said I.

So then we all went down the stairs again. I remember the other gunners saying that they must go out and relieve the boys on the gun and let them come in and have a drink, and us telling them no, and then yes, and all of us singing in chorus, but each one a different song, so we sounded like one of these classical sextets. Nobody could hear us though. The door was covered with a gas blanket and that deadened the sound.

The pill rollers didn't bother us any more, and I thought this was because we had given them a good licking, but I found in the shank of the night that they were all in the dugout with us. I'd thought for some time that there were a good many men in there, but I thought that was just the usual result of coneyac, which has a tendency to make you see two or even three men where there is really only one. This was my last recollection. I guess I curled up my toes and bade the party farewell.

It was morning, and I was stiff, and the fog was rolling in through the open door. I had a head the size of a bass drum, and my tongue felt as if it had had a cart load of cinders dumped on it. I got up and staggered out to the door and up the stairs. I wanted air and lots of it, and then I wanted to get out of there and back to headquarters before anyone found I was gone. It was better up there, and I leaned against a wall and got rid

of what was left of the party and felt better. Two or three guys went by, running, but I didn't pay them much attention. They were running to get their breakfast maybe.

Now this wall I leaned against had had a bite taken out of it by a shell, and behind it was what had been a garden once, but was now just a heap of broken brick and hunks of burlap and pieces of old kitchen ware.

A man came around the corner of the other end of the wall. He was a German. He took one look at me and ducked back again.

Well, I didn't let out any hoot or yell or shoot off my pistol or anything like that. I remembered the time we caught a rat and painted it green and turned it loose in the barracks where Joe was getting over an attack of not wisely but too well. He never gave the rat a second look. "That's the thing I've been trying to catch for years," he said, and went back to sleep again.

So when I saw this big German where there were no



The old souse Joe, mind you, had let off his rifle. "Got one," he says



I paused to catch my breath—and think of what to say next. But I saw Joe Stink having a go at a certain bottle I knew was there, so I cut it short

Germans, I just went back to the dugout and got out my helmet. "Come on, Joe," I said, "let's get out of here. It's time we were home."

Marty was still dead to the world and one of the pill-rollers was with him, but the others had all gone.

Joe got up without a word, and we staggered out again. Up the stairs we went, and there I saw three more Boches. They had a doughboy between them, and they were dragging him off, despite his struggles.

I looked at Joe to see if he had seen it, but he just stood there blinking.

"Did you see that?" I whispered, grabbing hold of his arm.

"No!" said he.

"Whaddyuh mean you didn't see it? You blind?"

"Don't throw nothin' at 'em," says Joe, "they ain't real. If you throw somethin' you're liable to break a winder."

Now you must understand, Rupert, that it's about four a.m. and only half light, and what with the fog and what we'd had to drink, we couldn't see very well. These things would come out of the fog and go back into it, and they did look like a moving picture or something. And coneyac is awful stuff, too. You'd be surprised at some of the things it does to a man.

Just then some men went by at the gallop. They were our guys, too, no doubting that.

"Beat it!" they hollered. "The Boches are through on us!"

My head was getting clearer and clearer, and I realized at the same instant I saw these newcomers, that there was a god-awful racket going on. I hadn't noticed it before, because there was a

private ding-donging going on inside my own skull, but I noticed it now. It wasn't as loud as you might think, either, maybe the fog deadened it, but you could hear a barrage going, and machine guns now and then. There was a hell of a row at the other end of the street, too, toward the German lines.

"This is a sure enough raid!" I hollered to Joe.

"No," he said, blinking. "No. Don't get excited now, just let's you an' me get out of here quiet's we can, and get back to where we belong."

"I tell you there's a scrap on. Can't you hear the guns? You old souse, snap out of it!"

"Let's go back to where we belong," was all he would say.

I decided he wasn't so far wrong, at that. We didn't have the slightest idea of what was going on, and neither one of us could see any too well. Moreover, neither one of us had a weapon. I never carried a pistol because I was always falling down in the mud, or getting the holster full of water somehow, so I'd have a devilish job cleaning it afterwards, just when I wanted to go to sleep, and I suppose Joe didn't carry one for the same reason. Anyway, we'd been at the front long enough to get over our Wild West ideas. Who'd wear a gun to a birthday party anyhow?

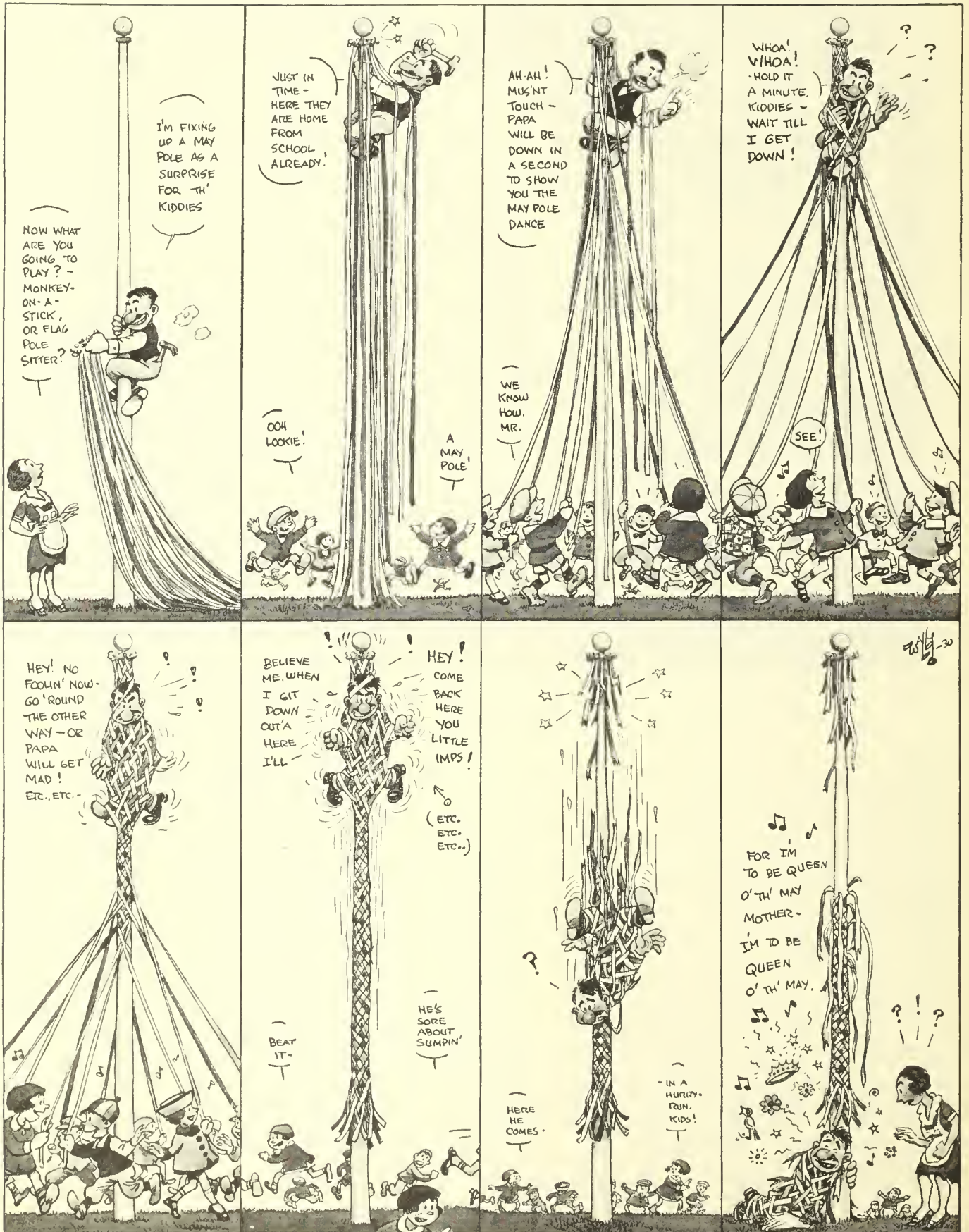
So we decided we'd get out of there and go back toward our lines, until we met somebody who would tell us what to do. It wasn't easy going, either. The smoke and fog made it impossible to see more than a yard or two, and there were a lot of new shell holes that hadn't been there the night before.

"I heard this thing start," muttered Joe. "It's been goin' on a hour or more. I thought it was them (Continued on page 49)

THE MAY POLE

There's a Good Tip for Flagpole Sitters Here

By Wallgren



❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

IN THIS LAND of cash registers and adding machines, of electric typewriters rattling off questionnaires, wide-ranging fact-finding commissions and argus-eyed college professors and census-takers, we fail in a branch of statistics more vital than health and education in which we excel. People must have work to earn money for food, doctors' and school bills. We do not know how many Americans are out of work; yet Germany and England always know how many unemployed they have.

Not Like America

THAT IS EASY. It is on both political parties and public indifference. Under no administration have we ever had statements of the number of unemployed generally acknowledged as dependable. In any economic reaction the outs charge the ins with minimizing the number, and the ins charge the outs with exaggerating the number. Ascertainable facts, as the most fundamental item of industrial information, is the sport of countering propaganda confusing and concealing the truth.

Placing the Blame

SOME THINK THAT we now have two million unemployed; others that we have three, four or five million. Some, who have jobs, think that a million, more or less makes little difference in a country as big as ours; but it makes a lot of difference to those out of jobs. Some say that owing to seasonal occupations a million is about the normal number. To my mind a million is too many at any time; and proper education and organization can make the seasonal occupation excuse a back number. But let us have facts and not guesswork.

No Room for "I Think"

EVERY WEEK, WHETHER prosperity is booming or shaded, Washington ought to give us a report of unemployment whose trustworthiness is universally accepted. It is the roll call of labor, hand and brain. It is even more important than records of savings bank accounts, market prices and trade totals; for labor produces the wealth they record. It is the first step in insuring work for all willing to work, which is the prime human right.

As It Ought To Be

VERY PRACTICAL THE new employment centers of the Legion Rehabilitation Committee, co-operating with the Department of Labor. They make the matter one of finite individualism, their approach is as veteran to veteran. When they get a man a job they know how to make it clear to him that to hold his job he must con-

vince his employer that he is making good; and that means that he is making money for his employer as well as himself—which is the way to prosperity. "Gainful employment" as the census puts it, is the ideal for all.

AN OPTIMIST WHO was asked what another man's occupation was, replied, "Pessimist." His religion? "Pessimism." Where was he in the War? "Losing it every day." What was he doing the year after the war was won? "Saying good times would never come again."

Built That Way

The whole world had been put forever on the blink." And today? "Sure hard times are here, and they will get worse and worse." And tomorrow when we are bounding ahead again? "You wait! You'll see what a crash is coming!" No changing the crepe-hangers even under May sunshine in sight of May flowers, and with everybody else talking baseball and summer vacation.

HE FOUGHT A battle with himself and won. His victory meant more to him than high office or fortune to many. His giving may have meant more, and greater personal credit may be due him, than in the case of a man of many millions who gave one of his millions for a public cause. This former soldier inclosed fifty dollars to the War Department to pay for "equipment which I stole in the service, 1918-20. I am going back on my tracks and making every wrong right I possibly can." There's a thought here for the profiteers of 1917-18.

The Best a Man Can Do

IF THERE IS any such thing as gratitude in them the first statue to the late William H. Taft will be raised by the Filipinos. He brought them justice in place of tyranny, schools in place of ignorance, order in place of anarchy, health in place of scourges. He protected them from exploitation by themselves and by others. A patient teacher, he showed them the way. Will they keep it? Or is the great experiment in the far-away islands a failure?

Will They Honor Him?

MOSTLY WE HEAR bad about Chicago. Other cities point to it as a joke and horrible example of municipal evils—a city of racketeers, gang wars, machine-gun fusilades which has not the money to pay its bills. But the latest figures at hand show that its infant death rate is lower than New York's and from five to twenty to a thousand lower than that of most other big cities of the country. Seattle's is the lowest of all. (Continued on page 55)

Good Word For Chicago

CHASING THE CURE

UNCLE SAM has spent four billion dollars to make me comfortable. Veterans' hospitals

By Albert Curtis

withdrawal of the fluid the doctor came every day. "You are getting better," he smiled. "More color, better pulse." Of

have been scattered throughout the country for my benefit. Doctors, nurses, specialists, dietitians, and orderlies by the hundred are at my command. Representatives of The American Legion and Red Cross come to humor me. The former gives me two dollars a month, plus cigarettes and an occasional cigar; the latter sends me two stamps and a pack of cigarettes each week and keeps me supplied with toothbrushes, toothpaste, shaving cream, razors, razor-blades.

By this time the reader will have perceived that there are lots of me. For example, in my present sanitarium, in North Carolina's land of the sky (I was transferred from New Orleans), there are six hundred of me. In Denver, I hear, there are more than a thousand. We—all the me's added together—form the group of tuberculous patients who are veterans of the War.

I was one of the "earlies." I had been teaching in a boys' school, where angels become devils and just as easily become angels again. The schoolwork, despite certain inconveniences, had its own compensations, but it tired me. Was this the beginning of T. B.? I never even thought of it.

About this time, tired as I was, I became ambitious. I decided to publish a guide to old New Orleans. I had lived in the picturesque French Quarter, had acted as guide to the historical corners, and led tourists to all the patios. I could harangue fluently on Madame John's legacy, the Quadroon dance-hall, the Sieur George House, the Café des Refugiés and the Haunted House. I got together a forty-page booklet. Small and trilling as the job was, it meant rushing after school to the photographer, to the engraver, to the printer. There were fretful delays, last-minute changes in text and pictures, and then, at last, proofs to be corrected.

Then, just when my guide-book was printed, a terrible blow fell. My mother died.

Two months later I was in the Veterans Bureau Hospital, at Algiers, the over-the-river part of New Orleans. I arrived heavily "toxic." I could hardly keep my head up. I had caught a cold which, according to a doctor I had called, developed into flu.

At the hospital the doctor said first that I had sleeping sickness. Then a tropical fever. Then pleurisy, and then—it must have been in desperation—they diagnosed T. B.

The next morning I was surrounded by white-robed doctors with brown rubber-gloved hands. Then one of the doctors inserted a needle in my side, and began extracting fluid from my pleura. You see, one of the diagnoses was pleurisy, and so my pleural ducts had to be emptied.

I became feverish. Pulse 140; temperature sky-high. I could no longer stand on my feet. Flat on my back now. So soon, oh, so soon was I "chasing the cure." Did I have T. B.? The X-ray—final proof—said yes.

But it was two weeks before I really knew I had tuberculosis. After the

course I felt tremendously improved and going within a month.

Outside my window three luxuriant palms signaled me. Early the petunias burst into blossom, mostly circular white single blooms. To myself I said: "Soon I shall be out of this hospital. Then I'll have a garden for myself, too, right out by the kitchen. Zinnias I'll have, and delphiniums blue as the sky, and the rarer, finely-flowered salpiglossis whose blossom is like a painted petunia, gorgeous in its rich colorings. And perhaps Mimi and Poupou, my dear Creole friends, will give me flowers from their wonderful garden." Triumphant I was planning my hospital exit. I was very happy again.

Then one day, at the end of two weeks, the doctor frightened me. He said: "Do you know what's the matter with you?"

"No," I answered. I began trembling. I held my breath. So must the prisoner feel, awaiting the sentence of the court.

The doctor tried to be easy: "You know this is the T. B. ward?"

"Yes," I whispered, still unknowing. But I felt as if something terrible was going to happen.

The doctor, I saw, was now plainly nervous.

"Well," he hesitated a moment, "you have tuberculosis."

My head immediately fell back on the pillow. I was crying. I remember shaking my head and trying to cry out: "No, no! It can't be! It must not be!"

"Now don't take it that way," consoled the doctor.

"Why, Robert Louis Stevenson, Harold Bell Wright, Will Irwin and Eugene O'Neill had tuberculosis. Some even say that it stimulates the writer"—he had seen my guide-book. "Why," he added, "thousands have T. B. and get well. You have a long and useful life before you."

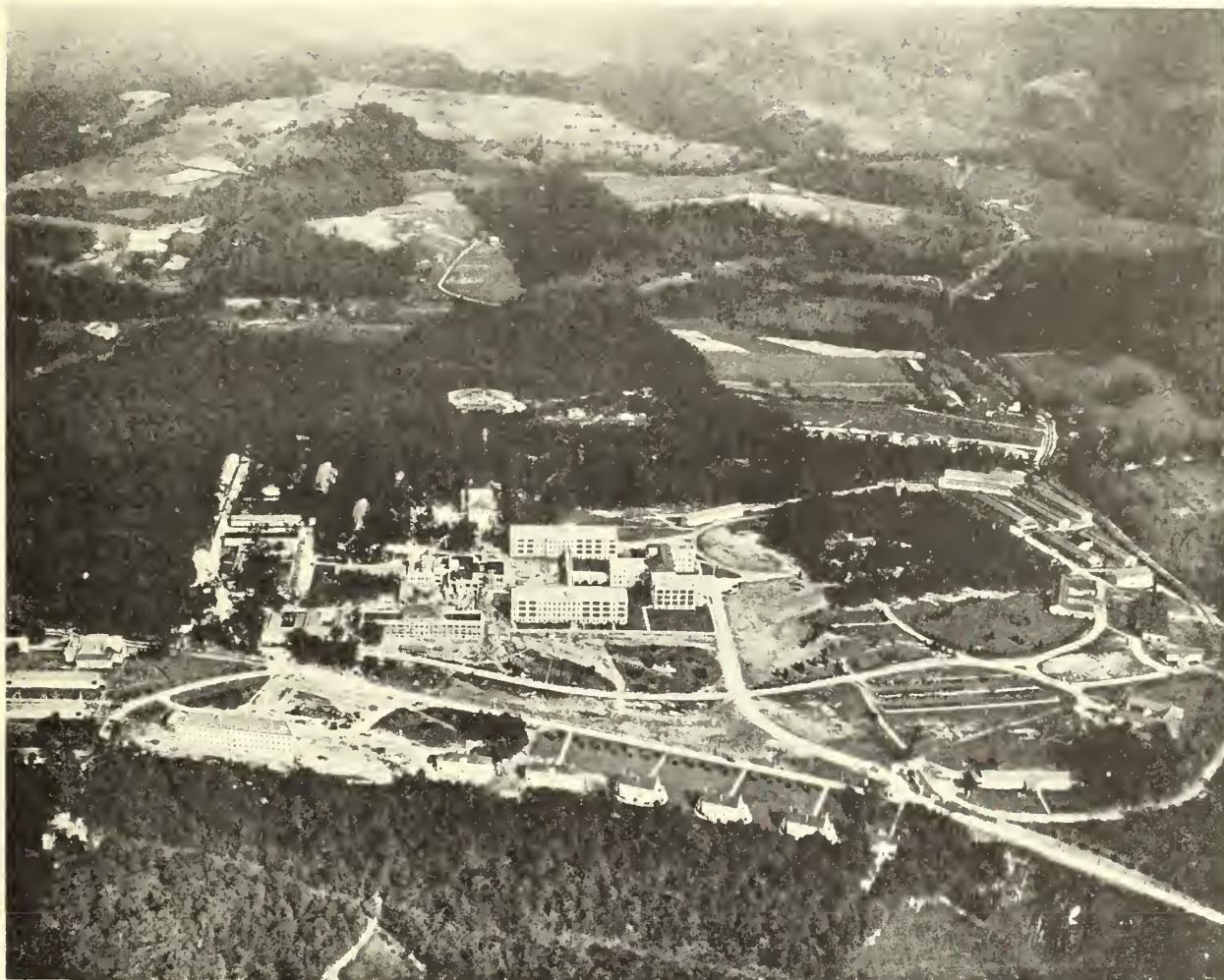
"Yes, yes, I know," I murmured, but to myself I cried: "But I'm no Robert Louis Stevenson, and I don't want to be stimulated, and I have T. B., and thousands also die from it."

In the next room a patient gave out a terrible, hacking cough. Across the hall a dying patient moaned. I forgot that in the open ward most of the patients were well on the way to recovery. But I could not see the ward. I was in a private room.

My friends rallied to me. Flowers arrived frequently. Roses from the florist's shop (these from my school-boy angels), fragrant sweet peas and early orange calendulas with white clusters of candytuft (these from a dear friend whose frequent visits drove the T. B. blues away). Once, too, at Eastertide, a huge bouquet of white, soft-scented Easter lilies (these from my dear Italian teacher). Magazines they also brought, and newspapers. Fruits of all kinds, too, even jars of home-made mayonnaise (this from an American Legion Auxiliary worker), and the first strawberries of the season. Oh the kindness of friends, the benison of friendship! Without it I could never have survived the chill of those lonely,



An Oteen patient—convalescent, and looking forward to the outside



United States Veterans Hospital No. 60, Oteen, North Carolina, where six hundred tuberculous American World War veterans are "chasing the cure"

miserable hospital days at Algiers—those first days when I simply could not believe that I had T. B.

At this point I wish to pay my tribute to The American Legion Auxiliary. Once each week, under the leadership of Mrs. Clyde W. Johnson, Chairman of Hospital Work for the unit of New Orleans Post, several gracious members of the Auxiliary cheered us all up. They brought cigarettes and hand-picked garden flowers. For special treats they brought distinguished visitors. But to us, really suffering as we were from a total abstraction from life, and consequent loneliness, Mrs. Johnson's loveliest gift was her inspiring conversation. Away she lifted us from a tiring world of sickness and despair into that work-a-day world which all patients continually dream about and so hopefully—so wistfully—plan to re-enter as strong, useful citizens.

Later, at United States Veterans Hospital No. 60, at Oteen, North Carolina, I was to find a duplication of this wonderful American Legion Auxiliary work under the leadership of Mrs. J. S. Claverie, who not only graciously—and so pleasingly—devotes her days to the welfare of over six hundred patients, but spends much of her nights handling a voluminous correspondence to all parts of the country, all in the interest of the disabled veterans who are her special charge.

The Algiers hospital, now abandoned, was formerly an old naval barracks, and consequently lacked the facilities of a modern hospital. Here some three hundred patients were lodged. It was a general hospital where ex-service men who suffered from various diseases were treated. I soon heard that there were "special" hospitals which treated T. B. only. Naturally I longed to be in such a place. Surely with specialists I could be speedily cured. Why, a specialist had merely to look at you, and presto!—cured! Happy day! I forgot that there was no coverall cure for T. B. except rest, fresh air and nourishing food, with medical and nursing supervision.

Oteen was recommended as one of these "special" hospitals.

and to it, as to a Holy Grail, after four months during which I only left my bed to have X-ray pictures made, I ventured forth. Riding to the station, I rejoiced to see the fig-trees, the blossoming oleanders, the heavy-verdured deep-green China trees, and the golds and reds of garden flowers. And I saw a bluebird. Was this to be a symbol of my recovery? Ah, bluebird of happiness!

Now I saw automobiles, people standing at corners, dogs running, street cars moving. Overhead was an airplane. It was a noisy life, and strange to me, almost unreal. Had I ever been in this big parade, this dance of life?

We crossed the Mississippi on the ferry. It all seemed more unreal than ever. Here was the Father of Waters surging onward toward the Gulf. Here were big fine ships, bringing cargoes from all over the world. Fleet little tugs shot past in a shower of white-flecked foam. It still seems like a dream.

Then the train. The ambulance drove into the depot. I got out. People from all sides stared at me. Somewhat wobbly, I somehow managed to walk to my stateroom, on which the doctor had insisted—what difference did it make to him that half my worldly fortune went for the ticket? Three dear friends bade me goodbye. I was leaving New Orleans—it is always sad to leave New Orleans—and in what condition!

How green the countryside was! How swiftly the birds seemed to fly in the pine and sweet-gum trees! How purple the slowly-drifting bayou water-hyacinths! How lotus-like the wild water-lilies! How marvelous, how miraculous life was! We passed little cottages with chickens in the yard. There was a girl in a white dress, sitting on a rocker on the porch, reading a newspaper. An automobile, raising a cloud of yellow dust, raced along the wayside road, chickens scampering right and left to get out of the way. People loafed before stations. Had I actually once belonged to such a life?

When I left the New Orleans hospital the doctor (he himself had had T. B. and had got an arrested (Continued on page 62)



LET THE American Legion go on everywhere with its efforts to make the streets safe for children; in East Lynn, Massachusetts, Legionnaire Earl P. Reynolds is conducting a safety campaign all his own.

Not long ago, Mr. Reynolds made his twelfth rescue from drowning. He conducts an automobile supply station on a road that runs past Flax Pond, the favorite skating and swimming center for East Lynn boys. Every so often, a boy breaks through thin ice, gets beyond his depth in swimming or upsets a canoe, and then Reynolds appears to add another rescue to his list. Saving drowning boys isn't as difficult as it might seem, Mr. Reynolds tells everybody—not nearly as hard as serving in the artillery of the 26th Division or, his last Army job, driving a 44th Tank Battalion tank. At St. Mihiel his tank made a nose dive into a water-filled pit set as a trap by the Germans. A captain saved him from drowning then by diving to the submerged tank.

When Reynolds made his twelfth rescue this winter, East Lynn Post and members of the Boys' Club of the town decided to put his future rescue activities on a permanent basis. They endowed him with a ladder and a coil of rope.

Uncle Sam Helped

WHEN Lakeland (Florida) Post needed \$6,500 as the final sum for the completion of its \$50,000 clubhouse, somebody had the brilliant idea that Uncle Sam might be willing to furnish the money. And Uncle Sam did. Post members in a group obtained loans on their Adjusted Compensation Certificates that more than met the sum the outfit needed. The day the post moved into its clubhouse, the building was free of debt with the exception of the adjusted compensation loans to be repaid.

Lakeland Post, incidentally, believes its home is certainly entitled to a place among the half dozen most impressive Legion clubhouses in the United States. Of Spanish architecture, it stands on the shore of a beautiful lake around which are grouped the public buildings of Lakeland's \$2,000,000 civic center. The city commissioners gave the post a 99-year lease on the clubhouse site. The post conducts boxing shows in its own arena, using receipts to pay interest

semi-annually on the loans from its members and retire the principal sum of the loans. Winter visitors from all parts of the country have spread the fame of the post's boxing shows.

Gains

THE American Legion in the first week in March had 150,000 more members enrolled than it had in the corresponding week of 1929, and figures from all over the country indicated that before the Boston national convention next October practically all departments will be celebrating new membership heights. In the week which ended March 7th, 39,000 membership cards were received at National Headquarters, making a total enrollment of 617,440. Early enrollment of membership this year is due largely to National Commander Bodenhamer's appeals for united strength in pressing for enactment the legislation now pending in Congress which will benefit almost 100,000 disabled service men.

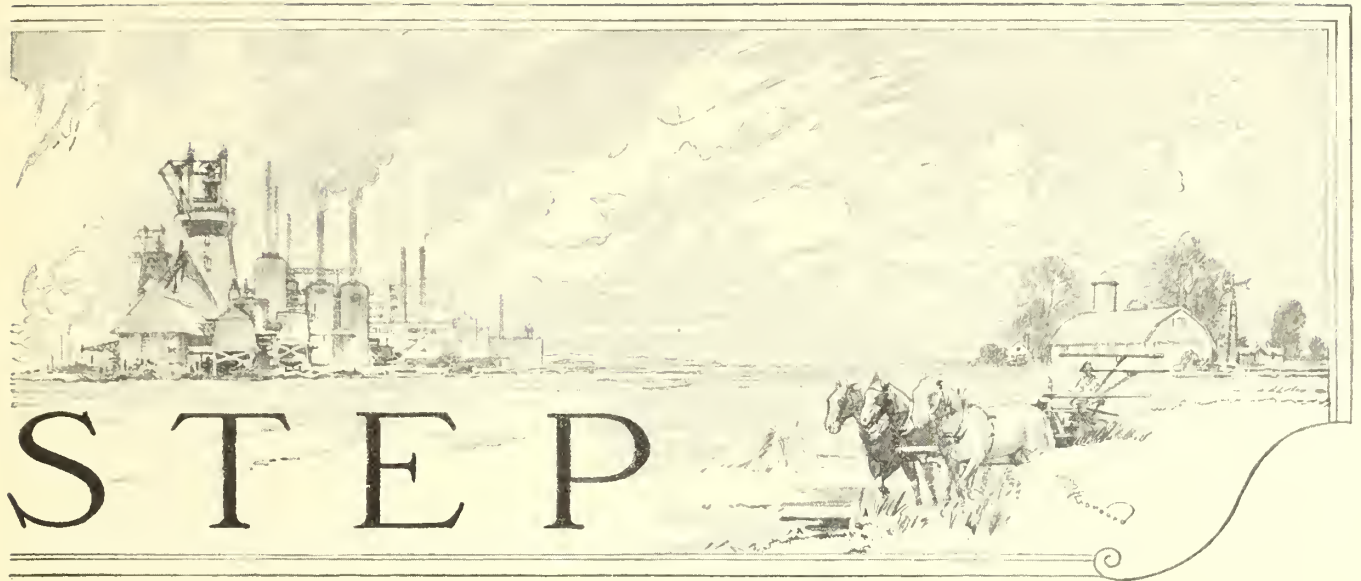
The Department of Arkansas has many times expressed its feelings about National Commander Bodenhamer. It did this when it elected him as its Department Commander and as Arkansas' member of the National Executive Committee. It did it too at Louisville last October when Arkansas delegates, wearing Bodenhamer ribbons, paraded to the platform of the national convention hall to celebrate Bodenhamer's selection. And Arkansas has now given Bodenhamer another overwhelming expression. On the last day of February when returns in the Henry D. Lindsley Trophy contest were checked, it was found that Arkansas had won the trophy by enrolling 143.07 percent of its preceding year's membership, a total of 8,943.

West Virginia won second place in the Lindsley Trophy contest by enrolling 7,900 members, 109.22 percent of its total for the year before. New Mexico was third, with 106.97 percent and 2,549 members.

Returns on March 7th showed that ten departments on that day had exceeded their 1930 membership quotas. Arkansas led the list with a quota percentage of 123.15. Others were, in order: Panama, 103.74; Porto Rico, 103.21; North Carolina, 102.90;



Three little farmer boys from the Tall Corn State—Tom, Jack and Angus MacNider, sons of Past National Commander Hanford MacNider. Their playground is the big farm near Mason City, Iowa, on which their daddy raises Holstein cattle



Tennessee, 102.50; Maryland, 101.50; Idaho, 100.78; New Mexico, 100.35; West Virginia, 100.33, and Wisconsin, 100. A large number of other departments were near 100 percent.

Recalling 1830

WHEREVER you go, there is a Legion post, and wherever there is a Legion post the Legion lives.

This year, American tourists visiting Athens during the celebrations of the Centenary of Greek Independence will see a new monument on the Field of Mars next to the Greek National Monument. On it will appear marble busts of American statesmen of the period one hundred years ago when Greece's struggle for independence was holding the attention and sympathy of the world. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Edward Everett, James Monroe will be depicted, and the monument will bear the names of other Americans of this historic period inscribed on tablets.

"Athens Post believes that in the erection of this monument it continues its work of helpfulness to the Greek nation and preservation of American ideals," writes Dr. Anthony Blase, Post Commander.

Honoring the Living

THE world is full of marble shafts erected to express public appreciation of the virtues of men who were unhonored while they were living, and all history is filled with the stories of public benefactors who struggled against apathy and ill will until they went to their graves. Human nature is much the same the world over, but there is a city in the United States which has among its civic ideals the slogan, "Flowers for the living and a community's pat on the back for a task well done."

When National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer spoke at an American Legion banquet attended by hundreds of Legionnaires and other citizens at Duluth, Wisconsin, in February, he was the spokesman of Duluth's gratitude to an 83-year-old public benefactor, a citizen of Duluth acclaimed for having performed in 1920 the greatest service to his city. This citizen was John H. Darling. Last year he established the Darling Trust to provide for the perpetual

care and management of the Darling Observatory for the benefit of the people of Duluth.

Mr. Darling became the sixth member of Duluth's Hall of Fame, an institution established in 1924 by David Wisted Post of The American Legion. Past National Commander James A. Drain was principal speaker at the first Hall of Fame dinner in 1925 and Past National Commanders Howard P. Savage, Hanford MacNider, Edward E. Spafford and Paul V. McNutt spoke at the later Hall of Fame dinners. In 1925 National Commander Drain declared Wisted Post would see its idea spread to a thousand American cities. His prophecy is being realized, because already more than eighty cities have adopted the plan. The idea was originated by A. B. Kapplin, Past Post Commander, who has been chairman of the post's Hall of Fame committee from the beginning.

The Duluth plan is simple. Early in each year, the Commander of the post formally announces that nominations are open

for the Hall of Fame. Civic clubs, fraternal organizations, community groups and women's societies may nominate citizens. Duluth newspapers publish nomination forms. Presidents of twenty leading organizations serve as a board of judges. Successive ballots are taken, the low candidates being eliminated, until but two names remain. Announcement of the name of the citizen selected for the honor is made at the annual dinner.

Souvenirs

EDWARD J. QUINN of Portland, Maine, isn't going to be among those missing when The American Legion marches into Boston next October for its 1930 national convention. For Boston is just a hop, skip and jump from Mr. Quinn's home city, and—here's the big

point—Mr. Quinn has attended every national assembly since the Legion was organized, including the St. Louis Caucus. Furthermore—and this is big point No. 2—Mr. Quinn is a collector of American Legion National Convention badges and has a bronze souvenir that recalls each one of his conventions. Mr. Quinn is a Past Commander of Harold T. Andrews Post of Portland.

Another badge-collecting Legionnaire who isn't likely to miss



Legionnaires Fred Sexton and W. N. Moore won Memphis (Tennessee) Post's first rabbit hunt by bagging 140 cotton-tails. The post conducted the hunt to enable the Salvation Army to provide fresh meat for the poor people of the city

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Boston is Charles McCarthy of Syracuse, New York. Mr. McCarthy, specializes in department convention badges. He has practically all department badges used in the last two years. Mr. McCarthy reports that badges of earlier national conventions are now hard to get; he is still hunting the badges for Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans, San Francisco and St. Paul.

Still Serving

ALMOST every outfit of the old A. E. F. had an idea that its padre was the best chaplain in uniform, and in the 72d Regiment, C. A. C., there wasn't any doubt about it. The old gang knew real sorrow when the time came in 1919 to say good-bye to the padre who had been with the outfit all during its A. E. F. fighting days. He was Reverend Father George F. Kettell, a priest who had been teaching sacred scripture and fundamental moral theology at St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester, New York, when the war came along.

Father Kettell was one of the ten priests of his diocese who volunteered for service early. And it was quite in the nature of things that a padre who could win the whole-hearted attachment of an outfit of artillerymen during the big days should, twelve years after the war, become National Chaplain of The American Legion.

Father Kettell's election at the Louisville national convention came after he had served as Chaplain of Yerkes-Couchman Post of Rochester, as Chaplain of the Monroe County organization and as Chaplain of the New York Department. Since his election at Louisville, National Chaplain Kettell has spoken at special meetings of posts and departments in many parts of the country.

Since the war, Father Kettell has won notable recognition in the educational service of his church. In 1922, he was chosen by his bishop to go to Rome to study in the Pontifical Biblical Institute. His two years' work at Rome brought to him the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. In 1926 he joined the faculty of the Nazareth College of Rochester, in which he now is Dean of the Departments of Philosophy and Sacred Scripture.

On the Banks of the Wabash

INDIANA long has sung of the Wabash, its western border river along which the moon shines bright and candlelight gleams from farmhouse windows upon the sycamores. In mid-January, southwestern Indiana couldn't see anything romantic about the Wabash. That river was roaring out of its banks—a flood greater than any since 1913. Vincennes and other towns were piling sandbags on their levees. Breaks in earth embankments had turned lowlands into lakes many miles wide. The rains that sent the river booming were followed by a blizzard, and the thermometer fell to five below zero.

Farm families, trapped in their homes by water, suffered from hunger and feared for their lives. Ice jams were forming, threatening new perils. Refugees were crowding into those water-surrounded houses located on highest ground. Hunger and fear were bringing sickness. Smallpox threatened to become epidemic. Conditions weren't much different along other rivers in southwestern Indiana.

Then and there, Indiana posts of The American Legion lived up to the tradition that the Legion is first in time of disaster. Posts at Vincennes and Princeton and other towns sent dozens of rescue and relief expeditions throughout the danger zones.

The Legion expeditions used boats and airplanes, carried food and clothing to the besieged, hauled the sick miles to hospitals, did a hundred and one things to prevent the flood danger from becoming a major catastrophe. Acts of heroism were so many as to be commonplace.

"Of all the deeds, one stands out," writes Legionnaire A. A. Mercey of Vincennes. "Vincennes Post, headed by Post Commander James O. Reel, responded to a call for help which came from a community on White River. The Legionnaires loaded a motorboat on a truck and drove twelve miles over a road closed to traffic. With the thermometer five below zero, they repeatedly had to push the truck out of holes. After battling river ice

for six hours, they finally succeeded in launching the boat three miles above the place where a levee had broken. River men and farmers declared it would be sure death to attempt to steer the boat down the ice-clogged stream and into the washout through which the river was roaring toward the lowlands. But Commander Reel and his outfit did it. They shot through the break at forty miles an hour and cruised for hours over the lowlands, dodging stumps and shallow places, while giving help to the trapped farmers."

Borrowed Orators

WHEN the team is lined up only a yard or two from the goal line and it's third down, who carries the ball? It isn't the streak-of-lightning halfback or quarterback. It's probably some animated Gibraltar who can barge forward for those few precious yards with the whole other team hanging on his neck and shoelaces. Every football team has its Old Reliable, the boy who is given the ball when seconds seem like minutes and a yard looks longer than a mile.

The North Carolina Department of The American Legion called on Old Reliable when it crashed over the national membership goal line a month or two ago, exceeding its quota for 1930 and winning second place in national membership standings. It didn't use any spectacular plays. It simply gave the ball to a ground gainer who has had his counterpart in every Legion post in almost every year. The North Carolina Department went over the top by having outside speakers assigned to each and every Legion post in its State on designated nights. Of course, it was the way this system was carried out which made it successful.

Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant, in charge of membership, was so much impressed with the fine way the North Carolina plan worked out that, in March, he asked all other departments to put on a National Round-Up Week, employing North Carolina methods. Mr. Samuel emphasized that even where the borrowed speaker would

come from a post in a town nine or ten miles distant, he would have the advantage of a fresh viewpoint and would be a bigger drawing card than home-grown speakers.

Wear Your Button

THE great American habit of friendliness makes the smoking compartment of every Pullman car a club in which a lapel button is often the passport to new friendships. National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer in his travels about the country has met and talked with scores of Legionnaires on trains, among them many men who did not know that their fellow traveler and companion for a few hours was the Legion's National Commander.

"The friendly conversations which have followed some fellow Legionnaire's glimpse of my Legion button have meant much to



Reverend Father George F. Kettell, National Chaplain, was the padre of the 72d Regiment, C. A. C., in the A. E. F., and is a Dean of a church college at Rochester, New York

KEEPING STEP



me," Mr. Bodenhamer told his secretary, Roger C. Holden. "Occasionally I have met a good Legionnaire who wasn't wearing the button. I'd like to have every Legionnaire wear it. I am expressing this wish now in every letter I send to a member of the Legion."

When You Go to Boston

NOT only will Legionnaires descended from old New England stock want to visit the towns of their ancestors, but most of the other thousands attending the Boston national convention next October will also want to look over the historic cities in Massachusetts, bulletins Eben Putnam, the Legion's National Historian, who lives at Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts. Mr. Putnam, as chairman of the Historic Tours Committee of the general convention committee, asks all prospective visitors to let him know by letter the towns and other historic centers they wish to visit. His address is 602 Statler Building, Boston.

"Unless visitors write for information in advance," advises Mr. Putnam, "many will come to Boston direct and pass by, unknowingly, the places they especially want to see. Tell everybody that New England is such a compact territory that railroads, electric lines and bus lines are everywhere and sightseers may get over a lot of ground with little expense. In Boston itself, Legionnaires will act as guides for their sightseeing visitors."

Mr. Putnam also asks that all Post Historians be reminded once more that the last of May marks the end of his first Legion post history competition, in which prizes will be awarded to posts submitting the best post histories.

Leadership

IN FOSTORIA, Ohio, home of phenomenal high school football teams, Earl Foust Post has been giving its support to a movement which attempts to supply to boys those qualities of character and personality which have always been regarded as

It's a way they have in New England, and you can guess whether Lynn (Massachusetts) Post was having a good time at its picnic when Legionnaire Newton S. Courtney shot these pictures. Lynn Post will help entertain the hundred thousand Legionnaire visitors in Boston during the national convention



fundamental in American life. Sixty high school students, boys and girls alike, are enrolled in the Fostoria High School Citizens' Military Training Camps Association, an organization guided by Legionnaire Gayle H. Somers, head of the high school's social science department. This organization for several years has been a leading factor in all the high school's activities, and one evidence of its

work was the attendance of several scores of Fostoria high school students at last summer's military training camps. Girl students have given their support to the association as enthusiastically as the boys. They have shown their ability to shoot a rifle accurately, as well as to take leading parts in the organization's social events.

"I believe other Legion posts could take up and put over societies of this sort," writes Mr. Somers. "The problem of national defense is gradually but surely slipping away from us, and it is the Legion which must create and sustain the spirit in favor of it. The duty of military service in war is still a primary obligation of citizenship, and that fact must ever be kept in the minds of all."

Georgia Keeps the Record

MOTION pictures and the radio help make this a breathless generation, but everywhere the historians of Legion posts and units of the Auxiliary are preparing those enduring records of World War service which will enable the great-grandchildren of today's veterans to find out what their ancestors did in 1917 and '18. The Georgia Department of the Auxiliary is not leaving to chance the preparation of these local records, and Georgia units, following out plans prepared by Mrs. Joseph M. Toomey of Washington, Georgia, Department Historian, are assembling a series of volumes that will be invaluable years hence. Each unit has been supplied with an outline giving details on procedure in preparing the local histories.

The outline urges that the first volume include the war rec-

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ords of all service men in the unit's county. For preparing this, a four-page questionnaire form drawn up by Mrs. E. D. Dimmock, Past Department President, is used. This form calls for biographical details in addition to a complete record of service. The questionnaires are so printed that they may be bound into a single volume.

Best Shots

WHO are the thirteen best rifle shots in The American Legion? The answer to this question will be determined this summer at a series of six American Legion regional rifle matches, at which will be selected the thirteen men who, with expenses paid by the Government, will represent the Legion in the country's biggest shooting event of the year, the National Rifle Association Matches in September at Camp Perry, Ohio. Leading up to the regional and national matches, hundreds of Legion post rifle teams will hold matches on their home ranges to develop candidates for national shooting honors. Frank J. Schneller of Neenah, Wisconsin, National Director of Legion Marksmanship, has issued bulletins giving full details on all 1930 rifle plans. Copies may be obtained from National Headquarters.

The regional matches and their directors are as follows: New England and New York, Wakefield, Massachusetts, June 21-22, Lemuel Bolles, 50 Church Street, New York City; Atlantic States, Quantico, Virginia, June 2-3, L. W. T. Waller, Jr., Wilmington, Delaware; Central States, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, June 14-15, Conrad Nordhus, 1902 South 48th Court, Chicago; Western and Southern Central States, Fort Riley, Kansas, May 12-13, Dr. James C. Lehane, Junction City, Kansas; Northwestern States, Fort Wright, Spokane, Washington, June 14-15, Edward A. McGoldrick, Spokane, Washington; Southwestern States, San Diego, California, early in June, Willard J. Pearse, 5906 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, California.

Director Schneller's bulletins also give information regarding organization of American Legion Junior Rifle Team matches for boys or girls under the age of 18.

Oldest of the Second A. E. F.

WHEN the Legion's Good Will pilgrims were making their tour of Europe after the Second A. E. F. had turned home from Paris, there was one man who punctually appeared at every rendezvous set by the tour leaders. Whether the call was for a reception at a royal palace or the beginning of a five-mile hike, Frank L. Coombs of Napa, California, always answered it, and Mr. Coombs was the oldest member of the National Commander's party. He had lived three quarters of a century, and he good-naturedly accepted the title of Daddy which his fellow travelers conferred on him. They knew that he was sharing in their historic tour because his son, Nathan F. Coombs, Past Commander and former National Executive Committeeman of

the California Department, had stayed at home to care for his father's affairs. They knew he had been a California member of Congress, the speaker of the House in the California Legislature, and Ambassador to Japan under President Harrison.

Recollections of happy friendships formed during the Paris convention and on the Good Will Tour came to Legionnaires in many parts of the country when the newspapers recently announced that Frank L. Coombs was being honored in his own State on his golden wedding anniversary, which also marked completion of fifty full years of public service.

The Flower of the Slain

THOSE who like to feel that the poppy of the battlefields takes its color from the blood of the slain may find in Macaulay's "History of England" a confirmation of their own fancy based on a battle fought more than 200 years ago. Writing of the Battle of Neerwinden, fought in Flanders in 1693, Macaulay says: "During many months the ground was strewn with fragments of hats and shoes, saddles and holsters. The next summer the soil, fertilized by 20,000 corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies. The traveler who, on the road from Saint Tron to Tirlemont, saw the vast sheet of scarlet spreading from Linden to Neerwinden, could hardly help fancying that the figurative prediction of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished—that the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover her slain."

Some such fancy will come to the minds of millions of American citizens on May 24th when they receive from members of The American Legion Auxiliary the paper poppies which represent the poppies of the battlefields. One hundred thousand Auxiliary members will carry bas-

kets of poppies in American streets from morning until night on the Saturday preceding Memorial Day. The poppy sale will yield a million dollars for disabled service men.

The Helping Hand

IN WISCONSIN, North Carolina and California, comradeship is spelled the same way and it means the same thing. Five days before Christmas, Legionnaire Fred Greene's house burned in La Crosse, Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Greene hurried from their working places to find their little home in ashes, their three children safe with neighbors. A few weeks later, members of Roy L. Vingers Post of La Crosse mobilized at daybreak on a suburban lot. With them were fifty volunteer workers—carpenters, bricklayers, electricians, plumbers and stone masons. Motor plows were busy clearing snow from adjoining streets to make parking places for automobiles. Lumber and brick and other materials were piled high at the curbing—donated by business concerns. At 7 a. m., work began on a new house. At 5:30 p. m., the last board had been nailed in place, the windows were in, the doors were hung and smoke was rising comfortably from the chimney. The Greenes were once more in their own home.



There is safety in numbers, so these five notable American Legion bachelors daintily subjected themselves collectively to the charms of Miss Alice White, motion picture star, at her studio in Hollywood. Left to right: Salvatore Capodice, Commander, Hollywood Post; Charles D. Van Wyk, Santa Ana, chairman of the California Department's Distinguished Guests Committee; Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant; Miss White, of First National Studios; E. Snapper Ingram of Los Angeles, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, and James K. Fisk, Adjutant of the Department of California

KEEPING STEP



Cumberland Post and its Auxiliary unit of Fayetteville, North Carolina, observed Armistice Day with a house-warming at the bungalow they built for the family of a comrade who had died in the Veterans Bureau Hospital at Oteen

Neal Wilkes' last days in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, were lightened by the knowledge that Mrs. George Isely, President of the North Carolina Department of the Auxiliary, had promised to see that the helping hand of the Legion and the Auxiliary would be extended to his wife and five children. Cumberland Post and its Auxiliary unit of Fayetteville, North Carolina, kept faith with Mr. Wilkes. The morning of last Armistice Day found Mrs. Wilkes and her children in a newly-completed bungalow, erected by the Legionnaires with the help of business concerns of their town. As the widow and her family inspected their new home, Legionnaires and Auxiliaries arrived with furniture, with groceries and lots of other things. By eleven o'clock, when the whistles were sounding the big moment of Armistice Day, the home was completely furnished.

Gordon Ross had left a Veterans Bureau hospital to build a house for himself, his wife and their two children, at Grass Valley, California, but he had overestimated his strength. With the foundation completed, and the framework started, Mr. Ross had to stop work. Winter was at hand. When things looked blackest for the Ross family, Hauge-Thomas-Hegarty Post of Grass Valley turned out on a series of Sundays and, working against time, completed the house.

Over the Mountains

TRAIN schedules went wrong and there were 180 miles of snow-covered mountains between Nashville, Tennessee, and Knoxville. National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer found himself blocked on his way to make a scheduled visit at Soldiers' Home Branch, Johnson City, Tennessee.

"I'll get you there," volunteered Legionnaire W. G. Schauffler, general manager of the Interstate Airlines at Nashville.

Commander Bodenhamer got a good view of Tennessee's snow-covered mountains from his seat in one of Mr. Schauffler's

planes. He got a thrill, too, when the plane circled for a half hour over Knoxville, looking for a landing field, and finally made a chance landing in a cornfield.

Hundreds of disabled men at the Soldiers' Home Branch heard Mr. Bodenhamer speak at his scheduled time. This visit was only one of many visits which the National Commander has made to hospitals throughout the country while on his speaking tours. Everywhere, Mr. Bodenhamer has explained the series of amendments to the World War Veterans Act which the Legion is advocating before Congress. These amendments, incidentally, would give compensation to many hospitalized men now denied it.



National Commander Bodenhamer dressed up for the 180-mile flight he made to reach Soldiers' Home Branch at Johnson City, Tennessee, on schedule

At Bunker Hill

WORLD War battles didn't impair muscles and nerves needed to make a golf champion, and eyes that twelve years ago looked through rifle sights can find the green today. These facts will stand out at Boston during the Legion's national convention, October 6th to 9th, when Legion golf teams and individual stars representing almost every department will take part in the first National American Legion Golf Tournament. Francis Ouimet, for years an outstanding figure in golf, has been appointed chairman of the Legion's national golf tournament, and among those who are expected to appear is Legionnaire Harrison R. Johnston, a broker of St. Paul, Minnesota, who won the national amateur golf championship at Del Monte, California, last September, succeeding Bobby Jones. Only Legionnaires will be allowed to play at Boston and all entrants must be amateurs.

Each State will be allowed to enter at Boston a team of an indeterminate number of players. Minnesota and Indiana are the first departments to announce State tournaments for 1930, but most other departments are expected to hold tournaments.

RIGHT GUIDE



Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt as he stood with General Gouraud of the French army at the tomb of Marshal Foch, after placing a wreath as the Legion's tribute to the generalissimo of the Allied armies. Mr. McNutt also took part in the dedication of The American Legion Memorial Building in Paris and attended the Fidac congress at Belgrade, Jugo-Slavia

FIDAC LOOKS FORWARD to WASHINGTON

TWENTY thousand American veterans of the World War were thronging the Avenue

By Roger Holden

of the Federation have seen new advances along the pathways of peace. New Orleans was followed by the congresses of London,

des Champs Elysées from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe and giving new color and gayety to the Grand Boulevards of Paris in 1927 when General John J. Pershing gave to the world the thought, inspired by the historic significance of the Second A.E.F., that friendly relations among nations is a plant that must be carefully nurtured. General Pershing's sentiments, expressed many times in varying words while France and the United States were celebrating their reunion, reflected the thought and spirit not only of the Second A.E.F. but of the whole American Legion.

The marvelous pilgrimage to France in 1927 was but one manifestation of The American Legion's wish to keep alive the world associations and fine comradeship of war days; for, ever since the war ended, The American Legion has been closely bound to the veterans' organizations of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and the other Allied countries. In the Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants—the Fidac—the Legion and the veterans' societies of the other Allied countries have found a common ground upon which to build a new structure for world peace, as important a structure perhaps as that which statesmen contemporaneously have been striving to make with conferences and pacts.

Ever since the delegation of Allied fighting men, representatives of the foreign societies, attended the New Orleans National Convention in 1922 as guests of the Legion and drew up in their New Orleans congress a notable series of declarations for the future guidance of all members of Fidac, the annual congresses

Rome, Warsaw, Brussels and Bucharest, each a notable milestone in the common journey of the associated societies. Each intervening year has seen outstanding events attesting the harmony and friendship which has been preserved and strengthened through Fidac.

The year 1929 witnessed several of the most significant and important events in the history of American Legion co-operation with veterans' societies abroad, and in this present year the world will see another great demonstration of the loyal friendships formed in the World War when the 1930 congress of Fidac is held in Washington in September.

One significant event of 1929 took place in France. Paul V. McNutt as National Commander of The American Legion journeyed to Paris at the head of a delegation of Legionnaires representing many sections of the country and dedicated The American Legion Memorial Building—an impressive structure of stone at 49 Rue Pierre Charron, within a few blocks of the Arc de Triomphe and between the Avenue des Champs Elysées and the Seine. Formally dedicated in honor of General Pershing, this magnificent building is the home of Paris Post of The American Legion, the center of many widely-varied activities of Americans in Paris and a rendezvous for Legionnaires visiting France. In the presence of the French and American government officials and other dignitaries who attended the dedication ceremonies, both Past National Commander McNutt and General Pershing expressed the sentiment that the building would be a bond of common interest between France and (Continued on page 60)

THEN AND NOW

A. E. F. Song of Songs—Memorials to Transport Victims—Dispatch Rider Overtakes the Enemy—Radio Broadcasts in 1919—Baseball, Navy Style—Outfit Reunions

MADemoiselle from Armentieres needs no introduction to former members of the A. E. F. and probably not to any members of Legion posts which hold sing-fests at their meetings.

The Mademoiselle was, of course, the most famous member of the Hinky Dinky Parley Voo family and without doubt her vices, her virtues, her past, present and future were even more widely broadcast in song than the boastings of some of the shock divisions of the A. E. F. or the criticisms of brass hats.

Lyrics about the mademoiselle appear in every collection of Hinky Dinky verses, but apparently there are still some hundreds to be learned. At least Melbert B. Cary, Jr., formerly of the 103d Field Artillery, 26th Division, and now guiding genius of The Press of the Woolly Whale in New York City, reports that he has collected approximately 180 verses dealing with the Mademoiselle and he is still on the hunt for more which are missing.

To supplement Edward Arthur Dolph's collection of soldier songs entitled "Sound Off!" and the more recently released "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," the work of Jack Niles, Doug Moore and our own Wally (Wallgren), Cary intends to publish an exhaustive and unexpurgated collection of Hinky Dinky verses dealing only with the Mademoiselle from Armentieres. He enlists the aid of service songsters. So all we can say is "Go to it—but watch the postal regulations." Cary may be addressed at 216 East 45th Street, New York City.

FOUR thousand miles, roughly, measures the distance between Islay, off the west coast of Scotland, and Nashville, Berrien County, Georgia. Yet there is a connection between the rocky island and the small county seat.

On October 6, 1918, the English armed merchant cruiser *Otranto*, loaded with American troops collided with the *Kashmir* in North Channel between Scotland and Ireland and 356 Americans lost their lives. The bodies which were recovered were buried on Islay. In Then and Now in the October, 1929, Monthly, we reproduced a photograph of the memorial to these men, and to the men who lost their lives when the *Tuscania* was torpedoed, erected on the Mull of Oa, Islay.

With the picture came a letter from Commander Alex M. Stewart of Scotland Post of The American Legion in Glasgow reporting that only four American graves now remain on Islay—the remainder of the bodies having been removed. Commander Stewart told also that pictures of the survivors and of the Memorial Day services in 1919 were available.

Twenty-one letters in all were received in Scotland as a result of Stewart's contribution and various requests contained in them were met. One item in the Commander's report to the Company Clerk might bring back memories to other Americans who served or visited in Scotland during the war period:

"One letter, which I was particularly pleased to get, was from a man who had called on Mother while he was attending the University here in Glasgow, after the Armistice. Mother used to go to the American Y and collect a bunch of soldiers and take 'em to the house for eats. This man, Elliott Flowers, was fairly regular (must have approved of the eats!) and Mother has often mentioned to me what a nice guy he was. You can understand that we were very glad to hear from him, because Mother had lost his address.

"Other responses range from simply friendly letters to what seems to me a kind of forlorn hope of locating the grave of a Navy man whose body was not reported found. Most of the letters simply ask for some pictures and these have been sent out. Some asked for information which my inquiries here have enabled me to supply in part with, probably, supplementary dope later on. Most of the inquiries were from *Otranto* survivors."



In the public square of Nashville, Georgia, stands this memorial to the sixty honored dead of Berrien County. Of this number, twenty-eight were men who lost their lives when the transport Otranto sank after a collision off the coast of Scotland

DOWN in Nashville, Georgia, at the other end of the four thousand mile stretch, we find *Otranto* Post of The American Legion and in a letter from Commander J. A. Roquemore of that post we find the reason for its name:

"In the October Monthly appeared a brief account of the memorial in Scotland to the men who lost their lives in the *Otranto* and *Tuscania* disasters.

"On the public square of Nashville, Berrien County, stands a monument erected to the memory of the boys who gave their lives during the World War. On the north face of the monument appears the following inscription: 'In memory of the boys lost on the *Otranto*.' Beneath this inscription appear the names of twenty-eight Berrien County boys.

"Thirty-three men of our county were aboard the ill-fated *Otranto* at the time it sank. Of the thirty-three, only five survived. I am personally acquainted with one of the survivors, Early S. Stewart, who is one of our leading citizens and one of the most active members of *Otranto* Post.

"Berrien County claims the unhappy distinction of having lost on the *Otranto* more men in proportion to population than any county in the country. Twenty-eight of the 356 men lost were from our county.

"On the east face of the monument are the names of thirty-two other local men who gave their lives to the cause. In all, sixty men of our county's fifteen thousand population were lost in the war. If anyone desires, I shall be glad to send the name or names of those listed on our memorial.

"Our post, of course, selected its name because of the large number of our local men who went down with the *Otranto*."

So much for the *Otranto* and its honored dead. The survivors of the *Tuscania*, torpedoed and sunk in the same locality where the *Otranto* met its fate, have not forgotten, either, their 230 fellow Americans who lost their lives on February 5, 1918.

THE N and NOW

Legionnaire Leo V. Zimmermann, 567-55th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, tells us this of his organization:

"There are many outfit reunions in the summer and fall months, but ours is unique in that it occurs in winter, on a certain date and at a certain hour. To be more precise, at six p. m. on February fifth each year, we stand at attention around a banquet table and pay silent tribute to the men who gave their lives when the *Tuscania* was torpedoed just while we were at mess.

"In 1921, the Tuscania Survivors Association was organized here in Milwaukee. All survivors of the *Tuscania* are eligible."

HOW many buck privates who cartooned their superior officers had nerve enough to present their works of art to the officers concerned? One such private, whose name we hope to learn, pulled the trick and the officer cartooned, Major J. A. Hielscher, still prizes the cartoon which we reproduce on this page. The major, now of Mankato, Minnesota, was medical officer of the 416th Railroad Telegraph Battalion. He has this to say:

"During May and June, 1918, the 416th Railroad Telegraph Battalion was leisurely constructing a telephone line between Lemogne and Perigueux. About July 10th the outfit received hurry-up orders to proceed as rapidly as possible to Mormont and construct the missing link on the Chaumont-Paris line, located between Provins and Giene. This work was in anticipation of the Meuse-Argonne drive.

"Realizing that time was the big factor, everyone in the outfit took a hand including the C. O. and the Medical Detachment. I have seen the C. O. perched on the limb of a tree, saw in hand, trimming trees, while the medico and his men became for the time telephone post-hole diggers and water and food carriers. Food was carried out to the laboring men and work continued as long as light permitted. We finished the line in record time.

"Later on a so-called artist in the outfit executed the enclosed sketch and presented it to me. Attention is directed particularly to the pick and shovel and telephone pole cross-arm which replace the usual thermometer and other medical instruments in the pockets of the blouse. I will admit that the cartoon does not exactly flatter me, nor would my wife, Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher, recognize it as a very good likeness of her husband."

We might add that Dr. Helen Hughes Hielscher needs no introduction to Auxiliary members or, for that matter, to most active Legionnaires.

MAJOR General Charles Rhodes told in the November issue of the Monthly the "Story of the Armistice."

Now, through the good co-operation of Legionnaire H. H. Donnelly of Toledo, Ohio, we learn how one of the men of the A. E. F.'s Motor Dispatch Service (of which outfit we have heard nothing in these columns heretofore) established prompt lines of communication with the American Commissioner in

Spa. Donnelly was with the 305th Motorcycle Company, Motor Transport Corps. Donnelly's story follows:

"The enclosed photograph may prove interesting to the Gang. I believe with the exception of the Armistice Commission, which left Chaumont November 15, 1918, that the M. D. S. courier, 'Pop' Holtz, who is shown in the picture, was the advance guard of any of the A. E. F. Army of Occupation.

"At least 'Pop' was the first courier of the M. D. S. to run between Souilly and the American High Commissioner at Spa, Belgium. This was the only communication system they had with the American side of the line and the territory through which it was run had not been evacuated by the Germans. Because of his ability to speak German. Holtz was selected to make this run and map out a course for future couriers.

"He had many interesting experiences on this initial run as he was continually being challenged by the retreating Germans to show reason why he was so much in advance of the American Army so close upon their heels. It will be noted that the Germans on the supply train in the background are watching him with a great deal of interest.

"Incidentally, the old slogan of the M. D. S. was 'Get Through and Get Through on Time'."



How Major J. A. Hielscher, M. C., looked to one of his men in the 416th Railroad Telegraph Battalion. The major himself supplied the cartoon

"One of the things that the list I am compiling will do is to make intelligible to readers fifty years from now the many Army expression used in war novels and stories that are being written," explains Hench.

Some months ago, as the result of a request in this department, readers came to the aid of Legionnaire J. C. Ruppenthal of Russell, Kansas, when he was gathering material for his American Dialect Dictionary. This brought to light many of the Army and Navy and Marine slang expressions typical of the service.

"There is one group of words, however," continues Hench, "that were not sent in to Judge Ruppenthal, which I am interested in—those American perversions of the pronunciation of French and German names, titles, and so on. For instance, 'Boys de Cornwilly' for, perhaps, Bois de Cornieville,— 'Peetee Dome' for Puy de Dome. Then the oldstandbys: vin blink, bow-coo, compree, toot-sweet and words without number."

Offhand, the Company Clerk remembers

his training town, Manois, affectionately (?) and properly known as "Manure." Then there was "Soup-town" for Bouillonville, and "Blooey" for Blois, which come to mind readily. With those samples to work on, the Gang can get busy and send their contributions to Legionnaire Hench at the address we have



Not waiting for the retiring enemy troops to evacuate Allied territory, "Pop" Holtz of the Motor Dispatch Service established communication with the American High Commissioner of the Permanent International Armistice Commission at Spa, Belgium. H. H. Donnelly of Toledo, Ohio, lent us the print

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss

LINES TO A PUBLIC NUISANCE

The city of Milan has celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the man who invented the alarm clock, thus proving that all foreigners are crazy. How much more fitting a few simple words of tribute, such as—



*Spirit of reveille, drat your eyes!
Four centuries you've lain
In blessed rest—no need to rise
And start to work again.
But when old Gabriel blows his trump
To rouse from slumbers deep
Us, whom you've trained to stretch and jump,
I hope YOU oversleep!*

There never was such a time in the history of America as the present when the words of the old song were literally true. We refer, of course, to "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

Having just left Miami and being therefore fairly hopeful of immunity from summary punishment, we suggest that the next mid-winter fistic carnival in the South be more appropriately christened the Battle of the Itching Palms.

We read that, through his divorce, Prince Pierre of Monaco will lose between twenty-five and thirty titles conferred upon him when he married Princess Charlotte. Oh, cheer up, Prince! Once we lost the title of First Assistant Runner and Head Office Boy of the Eliot National Bank of Boston, Massachusetts, and we've managed to keep going. . . . And it wasn't more than a couple of years after they fired us that the Eliot was bought up, lock, stock and barrel, and went out of business cold. Keep a stiff upper lip, Prince. Tell 'em you never did like the job anyway, and you wouldn't take their darned old principality as a gift.

In Orange, New Jersey, Headmaster G. L. Shelley owns an ancient document on which George Washington tried to add up a column of figures, and succeeded in getting the result all cockeyed. George wasn't only the Father of His Country. He was also the Father of the Association of Makers Out of Monthly Telephone and Electricity Bills.

OUR OWN ALMANAC—MAY

May is the month when birds flutter about.

Baby!

May is the month when the sun's always out.

Maybe.

The first covered wagon left St. Louis for Oregon on April 10, 1830. And all along the trail, owners of one-man tops are still struggling and fuming, trying to get them down.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THIRTY YEARS OF PROGRESS IN AMERICAN MUSIC

1900: Coon songs.

1930: Croon songs.

The National Restaurant Association is sponsoring a film called "Soldiers of Service," which purports to lay bare all the secrets of that industry. We didn't attend it, so we are still in the dark as to what the dickens there is so astonishing about a tomato surprise.

We have listened to "Singin' in the Rain" more than twelve thousand times, by actual count, and to "Singin' in the Bath-tub" close on to twenty-six thousand. In consequence, this department intends to stage a Songwriters' Invitation Evening,

at which will be produced, with vividly realistic effects, our new opus: "Singin' at the Bottom of the Grand Canyon with a Landslide Comin' On."

There are thousands of men able to brilliantly and correctly point out the faults of the people, and whose remedies are absurd.—From E. W. Howe's syndicated column.

And there are thousands of writers able to brilliantly and correctly split infinitives, and whose grammar doesn't make sense.

MODERN VERSION

*I never saw a purple cow.
I never hope to spy one.
But at the price steak is, and how!
I'd rather see than buy one.*

HAVANA INTELLIGENCE



It's a small world after all. No taxicab driver in Cuba ever has change for anything over a dollar. . . . Statistics show that four times as many people enter Sloppy Joe's as leave it. At least, four times as many people recollect entering. . . . Vivid remembrance of one American tourist painfully entering bed at the wrong end and sleeping with its head and shoulders draped gracefully over the footboard. When reproved by his wife in the morning, he defends himself with: "Hush, dear. Don't display your ignorance. It's an Old Spanish Custom." . . . Another mental snapshot. Morro Castle guide announces that Cuba would not be free today were it not for the valor of American soldiers and sailors. Typical old lady in the foreground: "Yes, Germany lost almost all her overseas possessions, didn't she?" . . . The editor of this page made \$40,000 at the baccarat table at the Casino. By just looking on and refusing to play. . . . Another Old Spanish Custom is that the gun on Morro Castle must be fired at nine o'clock every evening. The soldier in charge of this ritual sets his watch daily by the clock in the coffee shop where he breakfasts. When the watch says nine, he shoots off the gun. On hearing the bang, the proprietor of the coffee shop sets his clock. You can't beat that system.

One astronomer calculates the length of our universe as one billion billion billion miles. It's probably because he lives in the suburbs and missed the last train that he feels that way about it.



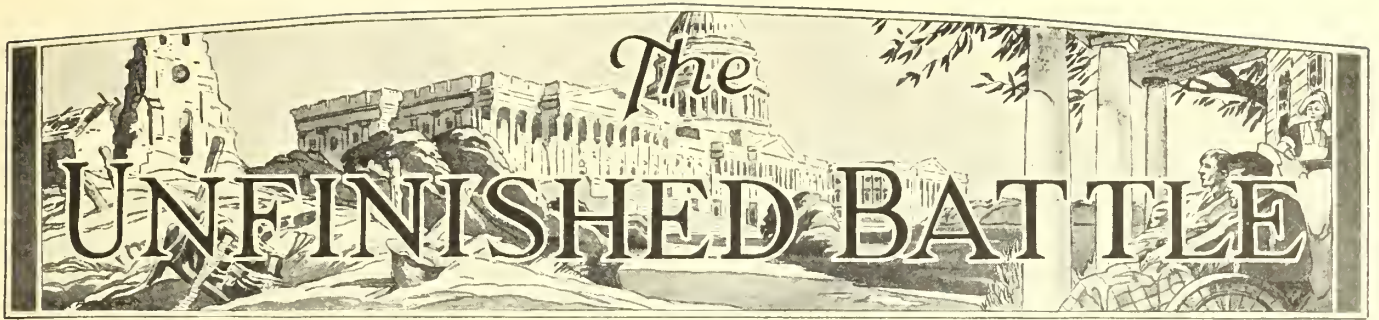
This department is not one to intrude its own affairs upon the outside world, but apparently no privacy is allowed us outstanding public characters. On the eve of setting forth from Coral Gables, Florida, to New York City, New York, in a second-hand (to put it complementarily) car, model of 1924, the ultimate mail delivered consisted of a calendar from the Philbrick Funeral Home (660 West Flagler Street, Miami). The upper half bears the following suggestive telephone numbers:

"Ambulance, Evergreen 736; Coral Gables Clinic, 670; Fire Department, 600; Police Department, 123; Sheriff's Office, 26331; Philbrick Funeral Service, 736."

This department has strength enough to add only that it's pleased to have met you.

Chinese tung oil extraction is extremely crude.—News Item.

Well, we don't know exactly what advice to give about that, except to be nonchalant and light a refinery.



AS MARCH was nearing its end the Legion's National Legislative and National Rehabilitation Committees were using all efforts possible to have the House vote on the Johnson Bill, which had been hanging fire for almost a month after being reported by the Committee on World War Veterans Legislation. Action on this important bill, affecting more than 100,000 disabled service men, probably will be known by the time this is read.

As previously announced in the Monthly, the most important effect of the passage of the measure by the House and Senate would be to give disability compensation to many thousands of men suffering from chronic constitutional diseases, such as diabetes, Bright's disease, cancer, arthritis and arterial sclerosis. The measure would place them in the same classification as men suffering from tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases. It would establish presumptive service connection for the diseases when they have been proved existent to a 10 percent disabling degree prior to January 1, 1925. The Johnson Bill embodies recommendations made by The American Legion.

ACCTION on the Johnson Bill has been delayed because of the controversy in the House arising out of the effort to extend the time limit on presumptive service connection to January 1, 1930. This later date was favored by a minority of the House committee on veterans' affairs, headed by Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi, which submitted a report severely criticizing the terms of the Johnson Bill. The minority favors a measure introduced by Representative Rankin, which those opposed to it charge is so broad that it is in reality a pension bill. On this aspect, the majority report made this comment:

"Pensions and compensation are quite different things. Your committee was unwilling to commit the Government to pensions on the basis of the compensation rates now in existence. Furthermore, it was not convinced that the situation calls for resorting to the makeshift device of artificial presumptions. No medical testimony presented to the committee lent any support to the theory that time extension of the presumptive features of existing law would be sound. Your committee deemed it best to try to correct all existing discriminations, establishing for every veteran equality before the law; to add such benefits as experience has shown to be justifiable; and to leave to a special congressional committee the question of formulating within the three years to which the operation of section 200 of the bill submitted herewith is limited a consistent national policy."

AMONG the most important benefits conferred by the bill as introduced is a provision for the payment of an additional amount of \$25 a month to veterans who suffered battle casualties. Another provision would provide payments for the dependents of hospitalized men whose disabilities are not service connected. Upon proof of actual need, families would be given payments at the same rates now provided for widows and children of men who died in battle, that is \$30 for a wife without a child, \$40 for a wife with one child and \$6 for each child more than one.

ON MAY 7th, according to announcements in March, the first group of American Gold Star mothers and widows to visit the graves of their sons and husbands in overseas cemeteries will sail from New York City on the liner *America*, whose captain is Legionnaire George Fried, hero of a series of thrilling mid-Atlantic steamship rescues. The sailing of the *America* will mark the beginning of a pilgrimage under the auspices of the United States Government which

will continue during 1932 and 1933 and in which seven thousand mothers and widows have been enrolled.

Mothers and widows will make the pilgrimage in State groups, the order of sailings having been determined by lot. In February, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the President, drew from a silver bowl one by one envelopes bearing cards on which were written the names of the States. Nebraska was the first State drawn, Florida was the second, Delaware third, Kentucky fourth, Ohio fifth, Arkansas sixth, Iowa seventh, Montana eighth, Porto Rico ninth and Oklahoma tenth. Other States were drawn until Colorado was the last.

Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, has submitted to Congress a book listing by States the names of all mothers and widows eligible to make the pilgrimage. Copies of this book, consisting of 330 pages, may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. The price of the book is eighty cents.

BY THE time this is read, Congress will almost certainly have extended to January 2, 1935, the time limit for making applications for adjusted compensation certificates. A bill for the extension was adopted by the House in March and the Senate was expected to pass it with little or no debate. It is estimated that 450,000 World War service men have not yet filed applications, although this number does not really represent the potential number of applicants for the reason that a large percentage of men who have not applied served comparatively short periods or will not make applications for other reasons. The bill would benefit immediately upon passage the many thousands of men whose belated applications were received by the Veterans Bureau after January 2, 1930, the time limit under existing law. It would also amend the existing law to permit payment of many claims which have been denied because of technicalities, among them claims for payment filed by heirs of men who have disappeared. Under the pending legislation, death would be presumed and payment authorized after a veteran has been missing seven years.

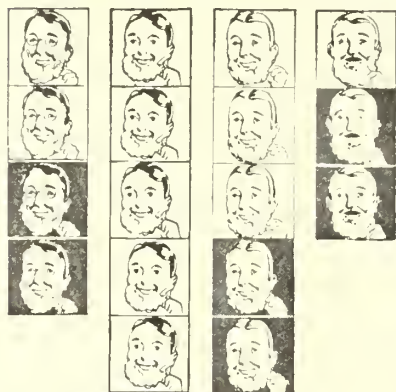
WHEN 1930 began the total number of World War veterans resident in National Soldiers' Homes was 11,169, more than half the total number of veterans of all wars in the homes which was 20,684. The proportions of different wars represented by residents were: Civil War, 10 percent; Spanish War, 36 percent, and World War, 54 percent. In 1920 the population of World War veterans in the homes increased 19 percent over the preceding year.

SPECIAL employment offices to provide employment for war veterans only were announced in March by the United States Department of Labor, which planned to have the offices in operation in many large centers during spring months and possibly to extend the system to smaller cities later. The system was announced after Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, had suggested to the Director of the Veterans Bureau several months ago that a survey be made through all Bureau field offices to determine the exact extent of unemployment among service men.

Francis I. Jones, director general of the U. S. Employment Service of the Department of Labor, in Washington, D. C., is in charge of the work of establishing the employment offices for veterans. He has said that efforts will be made to have the employment offices housed in the quarters of the Veterans Bureau regional offices or at least in the same buildings as the Bureau offices.

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

The dark blocks represent the
2 more good shaves you
get with Mennen.



2 MORE Good Shaves from every blade! Jim Henry's Guarantee

NO matter how many shaves you now get, I absolutely guarantee that you will get two more shaves per blade (and I mean good ones) with Mennen Shaving Cream. Money back if I'm wrong.

And remember: any Mennen Shave *must* be good, when Mennen makes every razor cut well, longer. Your face *must* feel better after a Mennen Shave, when the lather helps the razor so much that the blade will do a good job again, and yet again.

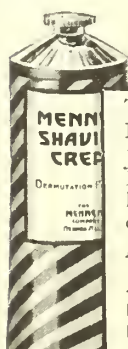
Remember there are *two* kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream . . . Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give you that clean, comfortable shave that millions of men know as the Mennen shave. Both creams build up a fine, quick lather in any water. The only difference is this: Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen . . . that's the main point. My guarantee covers them both.

Get a tube of Mennen, now. Use a new blade . . . then count the good shaves. Or, clip the coupon. I'll show you how well that razor of yours *can* shave, with Mennen.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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WITHOUT MENTHOL



THE MENNEN CO.,
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Jim Henry: Send me a tube of
Mennen, Jim. I'll see for myself
how many *more* good shaves I
can get.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced.
☐ Send me Mennen without Menthol.

Fishing

(Continued from page 5)

sailfish of the Mexican coast, the striped marlin and golden dolphin of the South Seas, the black marlin and the magnificent leaping mako of New Zealand, the white shark of the Great Barrier Reef, and the unknown species of the Indian Ocean. And lastly the king of them all, old Ziphias Gladius, the broadsworded swashbuckler of the Seven Seas.

The range between fresh-water and

salt-water angling is infinitely various. The beautiful and wonderful fact is that any fisherman can find his place, however little and inexpensive, and by his own unaided effort, by his spirit and joy, enter into the hierarchy of this noble calling and from it renew his eternal youth, his love of nature, his sense of the divine mystery in all things, his faith in man, and his belief in God.

Big Moments

(Continued from page 11)

nor command respect. We, every thread of whose flag had been dyed in the blood of heroes!

I won the debate. No speaker on the negative could withstand me. There was a fair-haired boy who tried desperately but I smashed his every argument and sent him back to his seat stammering, his eyes filled with tears of humiliation. I was the heroine of the hour. Congratulating visitors flocked about me. The wife of the town's richest man shook my hand.

Within a year and a half that tearful, fair-haired boy who had pleaded so hard for peace was lying in a soldier's grave in France.—LILLIAN McCAN, *Connellsville, Pennsylvania.*

WITHOUT A BOTTOM

\$10 Prize

WE WERE all lashed in our bunks while the Bay of Biscay tried its entire bag of tricks on the U. S. S. *Lancaster*, army supply ship of twelve knots, some hours, and now headed for St. Nazaire. Then the bugler stuck his head in the compartment and blew, "Abandon Ship."

Our lifeboat drill had consisted of the men standing in single file beside their boat while a petty officer called the roll, each man responding with his name and his particular job in launching the boat. We had never removed the tarpaulin covering but we were told that emergency provisions, oars and boat hooks were stored beneath. But tonight, with mines reported ahead and a real storm blowing, anxious hands hastened to strip it from the boat.

There followed a moment of silence, and someone said, "I'll be damned!" For there was no bottom in the boat. The keel lay naked with a foot of space at either side of it where the ribs had warped away. It was an old timer, taken from some dismantled ship to fill an equipment shortage and allow the U. S. S. *Lancaster*, sorely needed to transport army supplies, to put in service.

Of course, it was promptly reported and we were immediately divided and assigned to the other already crowded boats. Good fortune also took a hand

and we missed the mines, but it was one of those moments that stick in one's mind and later on make the grandchildren wonder why grandpa has such a good memory.—F. E. MORRISSEY, *Winnipeg, Canada.*

ANTI-CLIMAX

\$10 Prize

UP UNTIL then the war hadn't meant much to me—a lot of excitement, parades, military music, gay bunting, loud cheering, all of it appealing to youth.

But that gray October morning, when two hundred boys my own age—lads I'd grown up with, known from childhood, competed with through school, lined up on the lawn in front of the old Butler College building, and with boyish heads erect and faces calm, repeated in one clear voice that solemn oath beginning, "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the country for which it stands," by which they were inducted into the service of the Student's Army Training Corps—then things became different, serious, appalling. My playmates were going to war.

Not a sound was heard except the whispering of the maple leaves yet clinging to the branches, and the sharp drawn breath of the students, with here and there a sob, as Judge ———, pompous and dignified, mounted a Lenox soapbox for the oration deemed necessary to the occasion.

"Gentlemen," he began loudly, "I am here to welcome you into the—into the—into the" (here a wild glance at his notes, followed by a bland smile) "into the S. C. A. T."—MARIAN WEHNER, *Indianapolis, Indiana.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

\$10 Prize

PUTTING on the uniform back in '17 did two outstanding things to me, as I remember now. It enabled me to discover that some girls, at least, like to be kissed, and are not overly particular about who does the kissing so long as it is done in a fairly competent and workmanlike manner; thereby making a secret ambition to imitate Don Juan attained.

The same uniform also forced me to listen, at attention, to some of the scorchingest, witheringest call-downs that shave-tails with college vocabularies and a heart in their work could devise.

But the neatest, cleverest, most economical and most effective dressing down I received during my short military career was delivered by a fat, frowzy rookie; and just at what I was sure was to be my Big Moment.

A group of us were standing along the highway leading from Camp Bowie to Fort Worth and a dance at the Soldiers' Club one afternoon when a small car containing a red-head who could give Helen herself cards and spades flashed up the hill. As she passed us, she glanced in our direction, smiled devastatingly right into my eyes, threw me an airy kiss and called, "Be back in a minute, honey."

"Boy, that is some baby!" I told all and sundry, as I fixed my tie and patted the tails of my blouse into place. "I don't remember her, but you sure can see she remembers Uncle Dudley, all right."

"Maybe it's me she remembers," the frowzy fellow remarked, quite calmly. "She's my wife."—HARRY E. MOORE, *Legion, Texas*.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

\$10 Prize

THE man leaned heavily against the door post. He wore a dingy gray bathrobe, and his face was pale under the stubble of beard. His fingers were white and thin, as they clutched the cane that helped support his weight.

"But doc, I hain't got a sign of a place to go, when I git out o' here—and I hain't got a red"—the voice trailed into a weak silence. The fingers were blue at the tips with the tight grip on the cane. This was taking strength—this was almost begging.

Outside the snow was swirling and whipping across the sidewalk that led to the car stop.

I listened for the doctor's reply. There would be some way. These men were well cared for. I leaned back to wait until the doctor had finished. I wanted to ask the man where he had served. Sometimes a bit of a story around a veterans' hospital, you know.

"What the hell you think this is? Free boarding house?" The words were showering like bullets from an enemy machine gun. "You are discharged and you're gettin' out. Someone else wants your bed."

I saw my car and made a dash for it. The man was turning away from the door . . . Hard to stand up on the icy sidewalk . . . must be devilish hard with a cane. . . .

Pulled the evening edition out of my pocket—"Sensational murder" . . . "Crime Wave" . . . "Cold tonight, with more snow" . . . "Big Thanksgiving sales" . . . "Young people home from school for holidays" . . . the last news item held my eye. "Big Dinner at the State Penitentiary" . . . Warden says men are to have six-course dinner, and all turkey they (Continued on page 38)



Bowlfuls of PEP—brimful of HEALTH

SWING into the march with pep in your stride. Rhythm in your muscles. Help yourself to health with a bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

A wonderfully balanced food with milk or cream. Brimful of health-building wheat . . . the wholesomeness of the whole grain. With just enough bran to be mildly laxative . . . to help keep you feeling fit. And filled with the glorious flavor of PEP. The famous deliciousness that makes Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes the best bran flakes you ever ate.

How the flavor thrills your taste. Every one welcomes it. At every meal. Great for young folks and folks who stay young.

Serve Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. For pep! For health! Look for the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

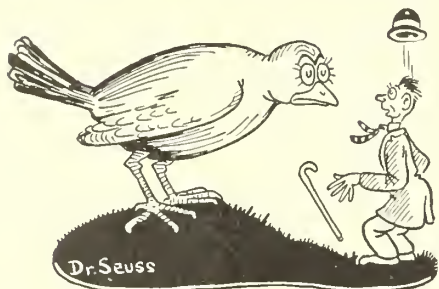
Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.



\$500⁰⁰ REWARD



WANTED John Sparrow

(alias "Nuisance," alias "English")

John Sparrow—one of the most brazen of outlaws—is sought on two major offenses.

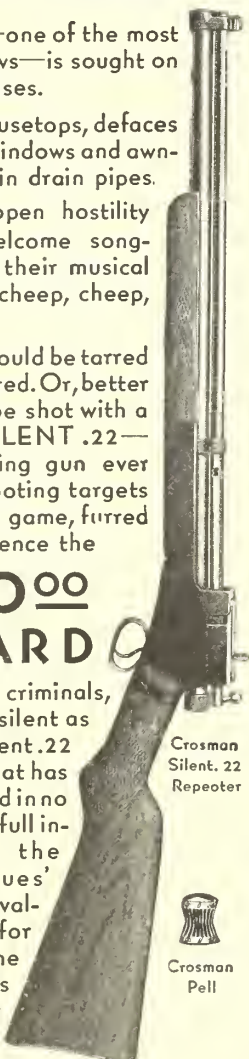
He roosts on housetops, defaces gables, ledges, windows and awnings, and nests in drain pipes.

This culprit's open hostility drives away welcome song-birds, replacing their musical notes with his "cheep, cheep, cheep."

John Sparrow should be tarred as well as feathered. Or, better still, he should be shot with a CROSMAN SILENT .22—the most amazing gun ever invented for shooting targets and killing small game, furred or feathered. Hence the

\$500⁰⁰ REWARD

for making such criminals, now at large, as silent as the Crosman Silent .22 itself, the rifle that has six features found in no .22 firearm. For full information on the Crosman Rogues' Gallery and the valuable rewards for the capture of the outlaws, write us now or see your Crosman dealer.



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405 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

CROSMAN RIFLES
SILENT .22
"POWER WITHOUT POWDER"

Big Moments

(Continued from page 37)

can eat. Prisoners will be entertained in the afternoon with late film showing.

I stared out the car window, into the gathering dusk. What Price Glory?
—ELSIE S. PARKER, *Dickinson, North Dakota.*

A LUCKY ESCAPE

\$10 Prize

ROME—a bath tub on a fifth floor—a sudden pounding on the door—an excited jabber of "Bambino, Americano, Bambino"—a dripping dash to the bedroom of my boys—and then—my heart stood still!

The above preceded the Big Moment. We were visiting Italy after the Paris convention of the Second A. E. F. This night we had arrived late, after a hot, all-day, dusty journey from Venice. After dinner I gave both boys hot baths, and tucked them in, their room being across the hall.

I was in the bath tub, my wife had already gone to sleep, when calamity descended.

My younger son, Paul, aged 11, tired and over-excited, had walked in his sleep, crawled out over the broad, waist-high sill of the window and fallen. When I looked from the empty bed to the dark courtyard far below, I visualized the horribly mangled body of my little boy. To awaken my wife, not daring to reveal my fears, was terrible.

We dressed hurriedly, and drove swiftly to the hospital, to which the boy was rushed by the night clerk, who had heard him crash.

Then the Big Moment!

In the receiving room we found our boy, suffering cruelly from shock, cuts and fractures, but *alive*. After a clear fall of over fifty feet, a wire netting protecting the glass roof of the court had miraculously saved the lad from certain death.

In the reaction at the Big Moment, my wife dropped in a dead faint. The boy has completely recovered.—G. R. B. SYMONDS, *Nutley, New Jersey.*

FOR HIS BUDDY

\$10 Prize

OUR Company Commander had received orders to organize a raiding party. Zero hour 11 p. m. the following night. Object: the capture of prisoners for the Intelligence Section. Forthwith our captain began selecting a detail.

Among the men selected were Fred and Bill; more like twin brothers these two buddies, ever sharing each other's joys and sorrows, dividing their all with each other.

Zero hour. "Fritz" must have suspected our coming the way he raked No Man's Land with machine gun fire. Several of our party were wounded. Suddenly Fred stood fully erect, caught at his throat and crumpled to the ground.

We continued on. More and more flares lit up the terrain. Deciding the enemy too much on the alert, our captain ordered us back. Retracing the course we had previously taken we came upon the body of Fred—now cold in death. Bill gazed a moment on the upturned face of his pal, a parting farewell. Turning to go, he hesitated, loosed his belt, took off his overcoat and covered the motionless form.

Back in our P. C. dugout, we stood muster and inspection. The captain's temper was bad, the failure of the raid irritated him. "Where is your overcoat?" the captain asked of Bill. "Sir," he began, a tear coursing down his cheek, "I saw Fred laying out there and he looked so cold and lonely, I took it off and covered him up." The captain swallowed hard and continued the inspection.—W. G. REINDERS, *Gilmore City, Iowa.*

SOMEBODY ELSE'S BABY

\$10 Prize

THE first Sunday evening after my arrival in France with the First Division found me in the dining room of a large hotel in St. Nazaire, ordering a first-class French dinner. A young French soldier and two ladies sat at the same table, having a gay party. The cause of their merry-making was fully explained to me in French, *not one word of which I understood.*

After dinner I joined them in their champagne and then started to beat it for the barracks, a three-mile walk, much to their unanimous protest. Just as I was leaving I met our division interpreter and asked him to explain that I had three miles to walk and must hurry. Much French conversation. "Ah," he explained, "these people live beyond the barracks, have a carriage standing here and want to drive you to the barracks gate." Saved, a three-mile walk—and an invitation to visit them Thursday, July fourth, and their English cousin would act as interpreter.

July fourth. All there and everybody happy. On entering, one of the above ladies was carrying a baby. Pointing to her and the French soldier I inquired if it was their baby.

Great explosions of laughter.

"No," explained the English cousin, "no, no, this is not their baby. They have only been married a week."

"Oh, is that so," said I. "I did not know that."

"Why, surely you knew that. You were at their wedding dinner Sunday night!"—H. E. STOCK, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*

NEVER TO RETURN

\$10 Prize

ON A bright, sunny afternoon in 1918, our outfit was embarking for France, sixteen hundred in all. I saw a pretty girl and a young lieutenant bidding each other good-bye. They looked as though they hated to part.

We were seven days out at sea when the lieutenant was taken down with the flu. I was detailed to look after him and make him as comfortable as possible. He told me to get a picture from under his pillow. It was that same pretty face I saw the day we were going aboard the ship, the picture of his wife. He told me she was to become a mother. He said, "Buddy, I am getting awfully weak and don't think I will pull through. The saddest part of it all is I will never feel those little arms around my neck or that little voice whispering in my ear, 'Daddy.'" As he said this I noticed big tears in his eyes.

The next report I had of him he died at the base hospital in Brest, France.—
LEE A. RILEY, Louisville, Kentucky.

THE SKIPPER'S FAREWELL

\$10 Prize

READING over the log I kept during the Great Experience, I came across this entry:

"Sept. 16, 1918—Left Brest at 4 a. m. with large convoy. At 5:50 p. m., five miles north of Ile de Croix, the British Steamship *Philomel* was torpedoed or struck by a mine. No sub was sighted. We circled around and dropped depth charges and were then ordered to pick up the survivors."

That about covers the sinking of the *Philomel* with the exception of the incident which I did not record but which has remained, vivid, in my memory ever since.

It was just dusk as we stopped alongside the life-boat containing the crew of the *Philomel*. The stern of the sinking ship was just sliding under the waves. The life-boat's crew rested on its oars. Our engines were stopped and all hands became quiet as the old skipper of the *Philomel* dropped his steering oar, stood up on the after thwart, and gave his sinking ship the British Sailor's Salute.

Standing there in the twilight, his snow-white head bared, sailor's cap at his breast, at attention, facing his stricken charge, he remained immobile until she had disappeared beneath the surface of her element.

Then he came over the side, blood streaming from his mouth, from internal injuries caused by being thrown against the bridge-rail by the explosion. We took the survivors to Lorient. Later we were told that the Old Skipper passed away in the hospital there that night. Truly he went down with his ship.—DANIEL S. TUTHILL, Phoenix, Arizona.

THE UNEXPECTED MESSAGE

\$10 Prize

MY TWIN brother went to France with the 151st Machine Gun Battalion of the Rainbow Division. He was not of age. Our twenty-first birthday was to come while he was over there.

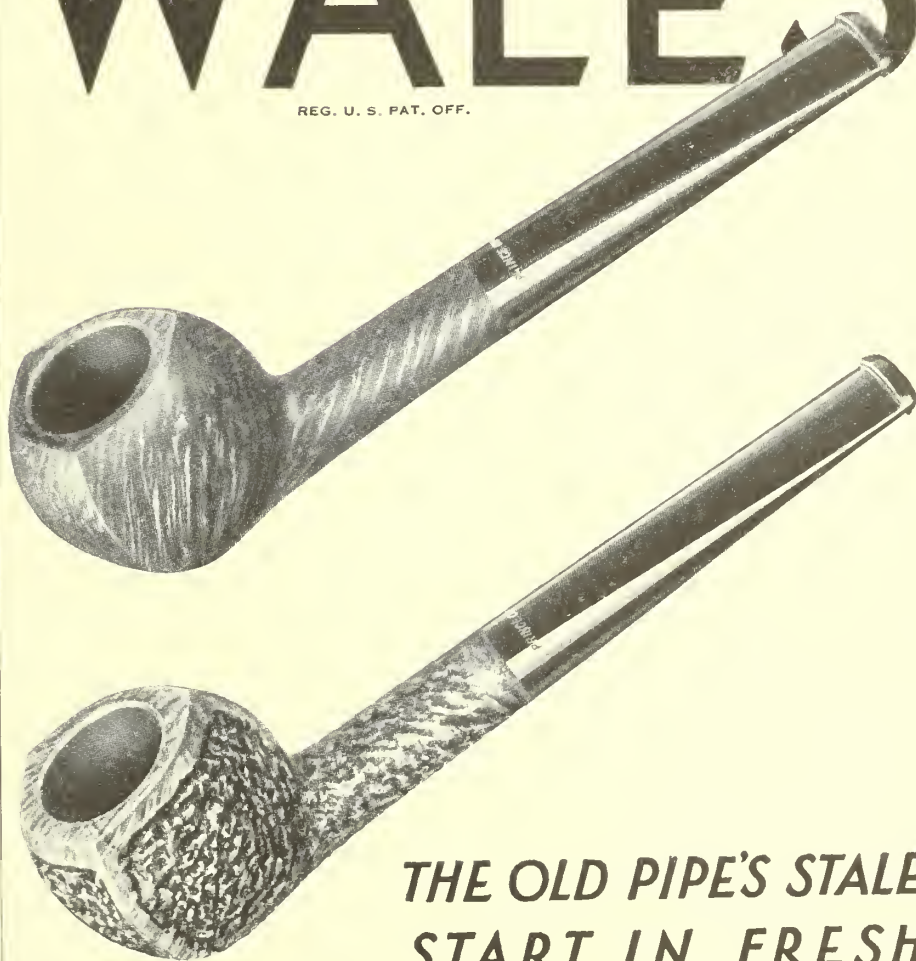
I couldn't go to war, for I was "the girl 'un of them Anderson twins," as our long-suffering neighbor used to say.

I remained in Georgia to endure with many others the agonizing suspense of reading casualty (Continued on page 40)

WHAT WELL DRESSED MEN ARE SMOKING

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Your pipe is part of the impression you make. A battered, worn-out, seedy-looking pipe is seen before your shirt or tie or hat. Well-dressed men, wise to the value of good appearance, are cashing in on the new style pipe—"Prince of Wales." Everybody admires the "Prince of Wales."

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How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 4) Don't use a sharp knife to clean out the carbon. You may cut through the cake and chip the wood. A lot of little "wood spots" take away from the sweetness of a pipe. Use a dull knife or reamer. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 63.



**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**
Smoking Tobacco

It's 15c and it's Milder



Big Moments

(Continued from page 39)

lists, and just waiting. My heart was somewhere on the battlefields with Jack.

Months went by with no word from him. Then one day it came—my moment! I opened the cablegram with trembling fingers and through eyes that were blurred with fearful tears I read the message:

"Birthday greetings, Kiddo!"—Mrs. W. L. MURROW, Toccoa, Georgia.

THE MOST IMPORTANT PAPER \$10 Prize

WE WERE conducting examinations for the enlisted men to fill higher grades among the non-commissioned personnel. It was an air service outfit overseas. The higher grades, especially the sergeants first class and M. E. A. S. (master electricians, air service) were plums among the enlisted men and brought recognition and good pay.

When vacancies occurred a board of officers consisting of the C. O., squadron engineering officer, adjutant, and flight commanders assembled to quiz each eligible candidate for the grades open and then pass on them.

Corporal Swenson was a candidate. His knowledge was "not larnt outen books." But as a field mechanic and especially when it came to rigging a ship—well he was everything you might even hope for. The flight commanders knew it and thought he deserved promotion. But there was the routine examination.

The squadron adjutant was asking him questions. About the orderly room of course.

"Now, Corporal, you are supposed to know something about Army paper work," he said, "and I want to ask you a ques-

tion. What is the most important piece of paper work in the squadron orderly room as it affects the individual soldier?" The question referred to the enlisted man's service record which followed him everywhere and contained his army pedigree.

The corporal thought and thought. He pondered. This was the last question to be asked him and he wanted the promotion. He must not make a mistake. At last he ventured an answer.

"The payroll, sir."

He was promoted.—EDWIN MARSHALL WILLIAMS, Memphis, Tennessee.

RULES OF CONTEST: *The American Legion Monthly* will pay \$500 monthly: a first prize of \$100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, \$50 each for the next two, \$25 each for the next four, and \$10 each for the next twenty. Contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contributions will be returned, nor can the editors of the *Monthly* (whose decision will in all cases be final) enter into a correspondence about them. Contributions need not be typewritten, though typewriting is preferred. Address Big Moment Contest, *The American Legion Monthly*, P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana. Submit as many stories as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper right-hand corner of each sheet. Additional instalments will appear in succeeding numbers until further notice.

Señor López Tries Again

(Continued from page 13)

of views far too liberal to suit his queen.

But when Valez, one of the queen's closest counsellors, was sent to Cuba as captain general, López accompanied him and held a succession of important posts. In 1842 Valez was replaced and López lost his jobs. He tried business, but lacked a talent for it. High living and cards set him upon the path to financial ruin.

To repair his fortunes, and also from nobler motives, the ex-field marshal conceived the plan of duplicating in Cuba the career of Bolivar. Through the American consul at Havana he broached the matter to James K. Polk, who seemed a wise choice. Polk was an expansionist whose election to the Presidency had been contrived jointly by Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston for the explicit purpose of annexing Houston's Texas Republic. The absorption of Texas, however, had brought on a war with Mexico

and the precipitous annexation of enormous additional territory that Polk and Houston had counted on acquiring later by peaceable, if subtle, diplomacy. The President declined, therefore, to concern himself with the proposals of General López, who was obliged to seek less eminent collaborators.

Sending his wife to Paris and his son to a school in Switzerland, he ordered a shipment of arms from New York. They failed to arrive on the appointed day, and an indiscretion on the part of a youthful follower informed the captain general of the conspiracy. López had just time to escape aboard the American steamer *Neptune*, which landed him at Providence, Rhode Island, in July of 1848. In his absence a sentence of death was passed upon him at Havana.

The fugitive made his first appeal to old John C. Calhoun, leader of the pro-slavery wing in Congress, and advocate

of disunion as the best means of avoiding further conflict with the New England abolitionists. Calhoun referred him to his chief lieutenant, Jefferson Davis, a graduate of West Point who had proved his military qualities in the recent war. Davis mentioned Robert E. Lee.

But Captain Lee excused himself on the ground that having been educated at public expense he did not think it proper to serve a foreign power. Messrs. Calhoun and Davis were displeased. By their construction Captain Lee would not be serving a foreign power, but the Southern Confederacy that was to be. Of course Lee saw this, too, but he favored the limitation rather than the extension of slavery. It was a devotion to the doctrine of states' rights, difficult for this generation to grasp, that thirteen years later reluctantly led this soldier to follow his State out of the Union.

Major General William J. Worth, a veteran of the Mexican War, finally consented to accept nominal leadership of the expedition, but he died before the propaganda could be launched. López then decided to lead it himself, with the assistance of Southern political leaders. Two vessels were chartered at New York and with little concealment three or four hundred men were assembled at New Orleans under López and an American soldier of fortune named White. As Spanish spies knew every important detail of the plot it was doubtless fortunate for those involved that Polk's successor, Zachary Taylor, abruptly ended the business by seizing the ships for violation of the neutrality laws. For this he was criticised by most Southern and some Northern newspapers.

The organization of a new expedition was immediately got under way, by improved methods. The details of campaign were to be disclosed by López himself when the filibusterers were at sea. But the fact of the proposed campaign was secret in name only. Funds were raised throughout the South and in New York, but the chief financial backer was L. J. Sigur, an exiled Cuban and owner of an influential newspaper, the New Orleans *True Delta*. Regiments were raised in Kentucky, Mississippi and Louisiana. The commanding officer of the Kentucky regiment was Colonel Theodore O'Hara, a soldier of proved experience and author of "The Bivouac of the Dead." The lieutenant colonel was John T. Pickett, and the roster of officers and men show the participation of some of the most noted families of the State. Former Senator Henderson and Governor Quitman of Mississippi assisted in the organization of the regiment there.

The Kentucky regiment journeyed to New Orleans on steam packets almost as openly as the reinforcements that had gone down the river to join Jackson in 1814. This time Taylor closed his eyes, and during the latter days of April and the first days of May, 1850, three small steamers with between five and six hundred men aboard left the mouth of the Mississippi for a rendezvous off the coast of Yucatan. The Spanish consul sent a swift vessel to Havana to apprise the captain gen- (Continued on page 42)

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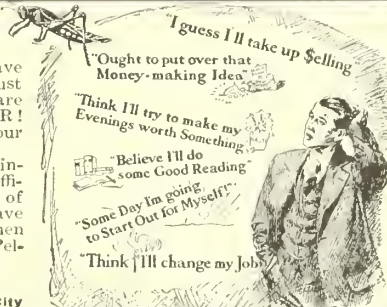
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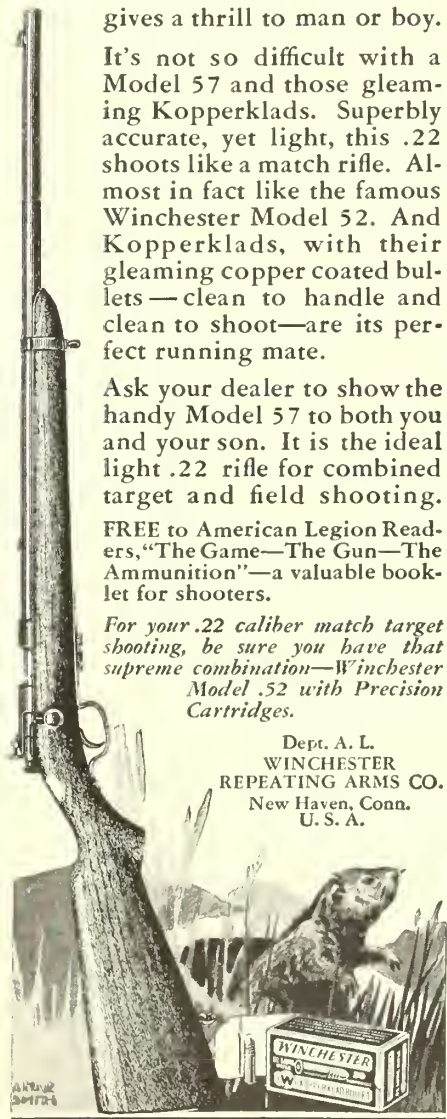
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Señor López Tries Again

(Continued from page 41)

eral of these departures, and two Spanish men-of-war began to comb the gulf.

The three ships met and transferred their passengers to the largest of the vessels, the steamer *Creole*. The two remaining vessels started back to New Orleans but were intercepted by the Spanish gunboats, which also would have captured the *Creole* but for the fact that a heavy sea necessitated a deviation from her proper course.

Unaware of this chance escape López called his officers on deck and announced that they would land at Cardenas, eighty-five miles east of Havana. The place would be taken by surprise at night. Leaving a rear guard, the force would move by rail upon Matanzas, fifty miles from Havana, and occupy it by seven in the morning. A hundred men would then make a dash by rail and blow up a bridge nine miles from Havana, delaying opposition from that direction. As for local opposition, López said there would not be much. Natives would flock to his standards and many of the regular troops would come over. At Matanzas six cavalry regiments would be formed and within a few days, at the head of thirty thousand men shouting "Cuba Libre!", the American pioneers would invest Havana. A flag with a single star, the present national emblem of Cuba, was unfurled as the decks of the *Creole* rang with cheers.

At ten o'clock on a clear May night the *Creole* entered the little bay of Cardenas and grounded on a reef. Pickett put ashore in a dory with a handful of Kentuckians and took orderly possession of a railroad station and its dozing attendant a mile and a half from the town. The Mississippians occupied another station in the town. O'Hara with the rest of the Kentuckians marched to the dusty plaza where stood the barracks and the governor's house, all dark.

A sentinel challenged and the Kentuckians advanced at a jog trot in skirmish order. A ragged volley flamed from the brick wall of the barracks and O'Hara fell wounded. López advanced alone calling upon the soldiers not to fire upon "patriots." The barrack doors were thrown open as a token of capitulation.

Colonel Wheat, with the Louisianians, advancing toward the plaza by another street, saw the little garrison scurrying from a side door of the barracks and darting, single-file, into the governor's house. He fired on them, and in an exchange of shots was seriously wounded. The troops all reached the governor's house and beat off a charge against the doors. In the morning the building was set on fire and the troops within, comprising one infantry company, surrendered. López appealed to them as patriots. Twenty-one of the number, or about one-third, came over to the "liberators" and were received with great acclaim.

But an unhappy impression had been made upon the citizens of the town, roused from their slumbers by the rattle

of musketry to perceive the mansion of the governor first in a state of siege and then in flames. Their response to the patriotic protestations of General López was one of frightened courtesy. The behavior of the invaders eased the situation a little. There was no looting.

When the matter of entraining for Matanzas was spoken of the citizens were all co-operation. *Bueno*, that was an excellent idea! Casks of rum were broached in anticipation of the glorious advance upon Matanzas. It could not start too soon to suit Cardenas.

But the rum delayed matters and at noon the troop train had not started. Word came that three thousand Spanish troops were marching on the town. A screen of hostile cavalry appearing in the woods nearby gave color to this report.

But General López still held a trump card. It was a part of his plan, should the developments at Cardenas seem unpropitious, to make the landing there a feint to confuse the Spanish while the real invasion was inaugurated from another quarter. With the appearance of the cavalry he gave orders to return to the *Creole* and sail for Mantua, at the far western tip of the island. At Mantua López was known. The people would rise in his favor. The prestige of having captured Cardenas would exert its effect on the local garrisons.

With eighty-five Kentuckians, Major Hawkins occupied the center of three parallel streets leading from the plaza to the bay to cover the reloading of the supplies. The Spanish cavalry emerged from the woods and immediately charged down the two flanking streets. Hawkins had just time to divide his force to meet them. But Hawkins was outnumbered and the plunging horsemen with lowered lances broke through. Reinforcements came from the waterfront on the run, kneeling and firing in the streets and firing from doorways. This broke up the assault.

Lines were reformed and the lancers charged again, assisted by townsmen who sniped from flat roofs. The Kentuckians' marksmanship ended the attack with heavy losses. Among the dead the Americans found Cubans who had been foremost in their assurances an hour before.

At nine that night the *Creole* sailed, with a few hostile shots pattering in its wake. The liberators' losses had been severe. About twenty dead were left behind, and twice that number, including several of the best officers, were incapacitated by wounds.

In the outer harbor the *Creole* grounded on a bar, and every effort, including the transfer of one hundred men to a little island, failed to bring her clear. As Spanish warships were expected momentarily there was nothing to do but cast provisions overboard. When this failed to lighten the ship sufficiently the arms and ammunition were sacrificed. Then the *Creole* floated.

It was taken for granted that this

ended the expedition. López expostulated and wept. Arms did not matter. Land him naked at Mantua and the patriotic Cubans would rush to him. He asked for a vote. Wheat of Louisiana, four other officers and fifteen men were willing to take the chance without arms. But more than four hundred were opposed, and the *Creole* laid a course for Key West, reaching the dock twenty minutes ahead of the pursuing Spanish gunboat *Pizzaro*.

A new captain general came to Cuba with additional troops and the frank policy of a "government of force." This helped to make López a hero in the United States. Funds were almost immediately subscribed for a fresh expedition, which proved an expensive and comical fiasco when seized by Federal authorities off Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

Nothing wilts a hero like ridicule, and the prestige of General López declined. Yet he perseveringly promoted a fourth expedition, and most providentially the news in the American papers came to his rescue. "Cuba in Revolt!" the headlines said. A declaration of independence had been adopted and a provisional government created which published circulars inviting López to take charge. Town after town had fallen in line. Women were selling their jewels to aid the cause of liberty. A patriot army of several thousand men, though poorly equipped, had beaten the Spanish regulars, who were deserting to the revolutionists.

Thus the American newspapers, most of them in good faith.

The actual happenings in Cuba were somewhat less imposing. At Puerto Principe a man about to be arrested for treason had fled to the hills and gathered up fifty followers whom the Spaniards had dispersed without bloodshed, capturing their leader. At Trinidad another fugitive, riding from farm to farm, had raised fifty adherents. Confronted by troops, they scattered without resistance. These events were the basis of the enticing propaganda spread largely from the offices of Mr. Sigur's New Orleans *True Delta* and of *La Verdad*, a revolutionary paper in New York.

There was, of course, a sentiment in Cuba for independence. The "government of force" kept it well under cover, however. Moreover, Cuban liberals were divided as to the wisdom of American assistance in a fight for freedom, many arguing quite intelligently that Americans desired an independent Cuba only to add it to the Union, as with Texas.

But these facts were obscured in the United States by the reports of Cuba's revolution. Southern plantations were mortgaged to raise funds for the fourth expedition of López and Mr. Sigur paid \$75,000 for the staunch little steamer *Pampero*, in which four hundred and thirty men sailed from New Orleans in August of 1852.

Robert E. Lee having again declined to lead the filibusters, the quest for a distinguished American name to associate with the drama had resulted in the resignation from the army of Second Lieutenant Wil- (Continued on page 44)

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Señor López Tries Again

(Continued from page 43)

liam L. Crittenden of Kentucky, a gradu-
ate of West Point and veteran of Scott's
campaigns in Mexico. And equally im-
portant, this engaging young man was a
nephew of the Attorney General of the
United States.

Crittenden was placed in charge of
the artillery "regiment" numbering one
hundred and twenty-two men. An in-
fantry regiment of two hundred and
thirty-two men was commanded by
Colonel Robert L. Downman, an able
soldier. The "First Regiment of Cuban
Patriots," mustering forty-nine men,
was under Colonel Oberto. Eighteen
seasoned Germans and Hungarians un-
der Captain Schlicht, who had fought
with Kossuth in Hungary, completed
the combat forces.

On the staff were Major General John
Pragay and several other Hungarian
military refugees, a French surgeon, an
American quartermaster, some Cuban
engineers and an Irish chaplain. The
whole constituted by far the best
turned out filibustering party ever to
leave United States soil.

The day after the *Pampero* sailed
Pickett, of the Cardenas expedition,
reached New Orleans with seven hun-
dred men. Within a few days he ex-
pected to sail as the first of several
reinforcements for López.

At Key West López and his advance
guard were welcomed with champagne
and a new story of the success of the
Cuban revolt. He sailed at once for
the island instead of delaying to pick up
his artillery hidden on the Florida coast.

At daybreak on August 10th the cap-
tain of the *Pampero* was dumbfounded
to see the outlines of Morro Castle at
the entrance of Havana harbor plainly
before him. A pile of muskets had
thrown the compass off. He put the
wheel about and fled, but too late to
avoid being seen from the castle walls.

At eight in the evening the forces of
López landed at Bahía Honda, fifty
miles east of Havana, and spent a sleep-
less night fighting clouds of mosquitos.
In the morning López took three hun-
dred and twenty-five men to Las Pazas,
a village twelve miles inland, leaving
Crittenden with one hundred and twenty
men to bring up the supplies. The
attitude of the natives was hostile and
it was the following morning before
ox teams could be procured and Crit-
tenden got under way at a rate of a
mile an hour.

At this moment López was in battle.
The luckless appearance off Havana had
been a godsend for Captain General
Concha, who was on the point of dis-
patching troops westward in the belief
that the *Pampero* would land on that
side of Havana. As it was he sent
them eastward and López was prac-
tically surrounded when he disembarked
at Bahía Honda. The first attack re-
sulted in a victory dearly bought for
López. He lost twenty killed, includ-
ing Colonels Downman and Oberto.

Scouts then reported large Spanish
forces on the road over which Crittenden
must pass to join the main body.
At midnight Captain Kelley of Crittenden's
force reeled into camp with thirty-
three men and a harrowing story of the
route of Crittenden and the loss of the
supplies, including the stores with which
López had hoped to arm the revolting
patriots.

In a woods Crittenden rallied the sur-
viving remnant of his detachment, but
was unable to join López. After two
days without food, they made their
way to the coast, seized four small
boats and put to sea, where they were
captured by a Spanish man-of-war.

At three a. m. the prisoners arrived
in Havana harbor and were transferred
to the frigate *Esperanza*. Concha
signed an order for their execution and
as an afterthought ordered a pretense
of trial, which took a few minutes for
each man. After the sentence of death
had been thus announced to him, the
doomed leader wrote a letter to a friend
to communicate to his family. "Yours
Strong in Heart, W. L. Crittenden," he
signed it with a hand so chafed by
manacles that it blurred the pages with
blood.

Taking a fresh sheet he started a
note to the Attorney General of the
United States:

"Dear Uncle

"In a few minutes some fifty of us
will be shot. I was deceived by López.
He, as well as the public press, assured
us that the island was in a prosperous
state of revolution—"

A file of soldiers appeared beside the
young Kentuckian. He added one more
line, "I will die like a man," signed his
name and handed the paper to the of-
ficer in charge.

With eleven others Crittenden was
rowed ashore. Two hundred and fifty
yards from the *Esperanza* the U. S. S.
Albany lay at anchor. The enlisted
men sent a delegation to Captain Ran-
dolph asking permission to rescue their
countrymen. But Randolph had orders
not to interfere.

The prisoners were landed at the
Castle Atares and conducted to a level
stretch in front of the walls surrounded
by two thousand troops. The rising
ground on three sides formed a natural
amphitheatre, peopled by thousands of
residents of Havana.

In a heap by a wall lay the bodies
of twenty Americans who already had
faced the firing squad in two lots of
ten each.

The newcomers were halted forty
feet away. The lieutenant of the firing
squad ordered Crittenden's arms un-
bound, and said that as a courtesy due
his rank he would be shot singly and
permitted to give the signal to fire.
He was to kneel with his back to the
firing squad, and raise his arm when he
was ready. Crittenden asked to die
standing and facing his executioners.

The lieutenant said he was powerless to grant the request.

Crittenden stepped out alone, stripped to the waist and his head held high. He knelt on one knee, the squad took aim, and the throngs on the slopes became still. Suddenly they saw the prisoner spring to his feet and throwing his right arm aloft make to whirl about.

"Fire!" cried the lieutenant.

Half-standing and half-facing his executioners, the Kentucky adventurer fell.

For an instant an echo of the melody returned from the walls of the Castle Atares. Then the electrified populace recovered its tongues.

"Long live Spain!"

ON the day that these events took place López thought that his fortunes had taken a turn for the better. His men were shoeless and in rags from weaving through the jungle. They had no food and but one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition to a man. But López had kept up their spirits, and that day—August 10th—when two Cubans joined them and a Spanish patrol fled leaving five fine horses and some equally good food, the general convinced his followers that their worst was behind them.

That night a wealthy planter fed the party which at noon the next day reached a coffee plantation that belonged to the family of Señora López. There López expected to remain a few days and refresh his men for a dash upon the important town of San Cristobal, about twenty miles inland.

The halt was welcome. The men were footsore and several were feverish from malaria. They made themselves comfortable in the shade of one of the outbuildings. A meal was ready when a sentry in a nearby thicket fired his rifle as a sign to spring to arms.

The weary Americans took a position behind a thick-set line of mango trees. A Spanish cavalry company wheeled into a clearing, formed for attack, but hesitated. López thought that his hour had struck. The company was preparing to join him, he said, and forbade his men to fire. Instead, the company charged. It was driven off. From a wounded prisoner López learned that this company was the advance guard of one thousand mounted men under General Ena, second in command.

López withdrew to the crest of a hill which afforded better opportunities for defense. In an hour Ena attacked in force. The battle lasted for two hours under the August heat of the tropical sun at midday. The Americans achieved a remarkable victory. Ena was killed and his command demoralized.

That night the Americans marched toward San Cristobal along a mountain trail through a downpour of rain. The rain and the march continued on the following day, the column floundering in mud knee-deep. Men began to drop from fever and from exhaustion.

On the third day—August 10th—the worn band reached the edge of a woods overlooking the plain and the town.

López said they were too weak to attack and must retreat in search of reinforcements.

The first instance of insubordination greeted this order. Always, the promise of recruits—first from Cuba, then Pickett who was to have sailed from New Orleans, but as a matter of fact did not. The men refused to retreat until they had rested. Withdrawing into the woods they barricaded themselves, set a guard and slept in the rain.

The retreat began on the 20th, with the men strung out over miles of wet trail. The night was spent on grounds of a plantation in the midst of a violent storm. On the 21st the men refused to march without breakfast and while López sought for food four hundred Spanish troops stole through a cane field and rushed the hungry herd with bayonets. The Americans, numbering two hundred and twenty men with sixty rifles, scattered.

One hundred and twenty of the number managed to reassemble in the jungle-clad hills. For two days they fled madly through almost continuous rain. López's horse was killed and eaten. They followed the bed of a creek in lieu of a trail. On the third day the rain ceased but the tropical sun only varied the misery. Captain Stewart climbed a tree to take compass bearings. A road was found. It was the road they had traveled a week before on the way to San Cristobal.

The men crowded angrily about López. He had betrayed them. None of his promises had been fulfilled. The harried leader made a speech. The men might impugn anything but his good faith. They might purchase their safety by giving him to the authorities.

The quixotic offer re-established López in authority. As a last cast for fortune he proposed an assault on San Cristobal. The Americans numbered a scant hundred men, barefooted, bearded and begrimed. Several were wounded and half were ill, their teeth chattering with ague. All told they had twenty serviceable rifles and forty cartridges. But the others cut clubs, made ready their knives and took up the march. San Cristobal was defended by a regiment of regular infantry.

They did not go far. A company of Spanish cavalry galloped upon their rear.

Imitating López, the Americans lowered their weapons as a sign of friendship and raised the hopeful cry:

"Patriots! Patriots!"

The cavalry charged with sabers and the Army of Cuban Liberation melted into the jungle.

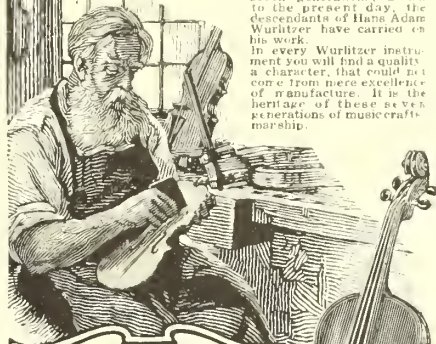
Those taken that day and the next were shot at once. An order of amnesty for all but López saved the others, some of whom held out for twenty days.

López eluded six of the faithful who tried to stay with him, and was captured alone by bloodhounds. On September 2, 1852, twenty-four days after the landing, the former field marshal of Spain and favorite of the queen, kissed the cross and died by the garrote in Havana.

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America and Her Critics

(Continued from page 7)

the feeling toward us of the best minds of Europe. The late James Bryce, with knowledge, understanding and sympathy, was able to point out weaknesses and dangers in the American political structure for our profitable consideration and thereby placed us eternally in his debt. Of quite another sort was a British gentleman of letters who complained to me bitterly that in the course of a railway journey across our continent he had great difficulty in getting tea served in his berth when he woke up in the morning! America's failure in this important matter weighed heavily against the Constitution and all our institutions.

As this is written Count Hermann Keyserling's "America Set Free" comes from the press—six hundred pages of it. After a few months spent in America he sat him down to write and the result is the strangest mess of ignorance, misapprehension and false reasoning ever put between book covers. He saw only what he wanted to see and what he didn't see he assumed to exist. In his last years Henry James, who had renounced his American citizenship that he might the more perfectly enjoy the greater comforts of England, wrote a long book called "The American Scene". James had no more comprehension of what America is all about than if he hadn't been born on our soil and lived his earlier life here. Count Keyserling contents himself with hazy generalizations, forecasting our reversion to a lower state in the animal kingdom than that in which he finds us now. The count's literary method is peculiar. When he mentions America he immediately, with a hop, skip and jump, is away off in darkest Asia. With a small amount of blue-penciling his tome would be as applicable to Australia as to America.

Legionnaires may be interested in excerpts from the count's pontifications:

On the whole, the white American of today seldom gives the impression of genuine vitality. This is sometimes due to degeneration: the pioneers or the other first generations of immigrants often were obliged to work so hard that their descendants have to pay for it. It may be due also, in part, to the earth in this respect that this continent breeds a comparatively unvital type of man; in this connection the red Indians are closely akin to the White Americans I am considering.

One can compare America to China: one can compare America to Russia. But it is entirely wrong and entirely unfair to compare America to Europe in any respect.

For a long time I actually thought that America's real soul was black, since the coloured man alone has so far developed a convincing style of his own which is yet essentially American.

Russia has violently shaken off all the fetters of its past traditions and, although the Russian soul is entirely different from the American, the fact of a new animal ideal—the ideal of a new adjustment of

man consistent with his position of the Lord of Creation with the whole of nature—having become the chief impelling force, has suddenly drawn Russia quite close to the United States.

The kind of education the United States glory in simply means training, as animals can be trained; it makes men more or less fit for the struggle of life: it does not produce culture.

What is culturally wrong with America is that it has no sense of values. All values are of the mind and the spirit.

I wish some one who really knows would write both the history and the psychology of the cocktail. It certainly is one of the most extraordinary inventions ever made. Not only that it numbs instead of stimulating—its essence is the mixture of the incongruous and the incompatible. I think there is a very profound intention underlying this: the cocktail is intended to do harm and not really please the taste. It is, in a word, a somewhat eccentric expression of Puritanism. America knows indeed no joy, but only contentment; she thinks comfort synonymous with culture. This denotes a truly depressing lack of sense of proportion.

There is, in Chicago, no trace of Anglo-Saxonism. The quality of efficiency is German in spirit; so it is a certain impression of unreality its results produce: it resembles a city of the year 3000 A. D. as anticipated by motion pictures made in Germany.

Count Keyserling rakes antiquity for things with which to compare or contrast America. We remind him of the ancient Chinese, the Soviet Russians or anything else that can occur to a pompous pedant who viewed the United States from fast trains and must needs rush into print. As near as I can make out he thinks we should cultivate a class of peasant corresponding to that of Europe so that we may produce a dominant aristocratic class to save us from the frightful cataclysm to which we are doomed. The average American perusing this book is likely to pause frequently and question his own sanity. The count's profundity is that of a muddy cistern into which a prodigious amount of unrelated rubbish is chucked.

The fact that Count Keyserling parades his title of nobility on his books (perhaps with the idea that snobbery is an American weakness!) rather prepares us for his declaration that America's hope lies in the rejuvenation of the old aristocracy of the South. I yield to none in my admiration for Virginia but I confess to a shock of surprise at finding the Old Dominion chosen for laudation as the home of the truest culture discoverable in America. I doubt whether Virginia herself would claim as much! New England's culture he views with cold eyes. Evidently a humorless person, he probably wouldn't know that there's nothing about which we poor, ignorant, striving Americans are so sensitive as our sectional tradi-

tions of culture. (He must have been well dined in Richmond!) He admires Dallas—but who doesn't! (The count will do well to avoid Fort Worth hereafter!) If he had been entertained by "the right people" in Cleveland, Chicago, Duluth, Kansas City, Houston, Denver, San Francisco or Seattle he would have met Americans who are, by his own aristocratic standards, both charming and interesting and who might even have convinced him of the pretty general diffusion of enlightenment and good manners throughout the country.

Unfortunately Count Keyserling is likely to be taken seriously by certain groups of "intellectuals" lingering among us, who chortle gleefully every time the Soviet is mentioned. There are many such persons, who enjoy the benefits and opportunities of America and yet never become Americanized. The prompt deportation of all such is the answer. We don't need them. America must be kept for people who believe in America. Those with other ideas are quite free to take ship for regions that strike them as offering a happier existence.

Another recent book, "Our Business Civilization", by James Truslow Adams, is entitled to respectful consideration, for Mr. Adams is an American, though much affected by the serenity of walled English gardens and the ivied cloisters of Oxford. The things that annoy and disturb him equally distress and disturb many other Americans. It is significant that he dated his book from London, a place clearly indicated as much more to his taste than New York or Boston. I am interested in his observations because so many of his gods are to my liking, and I have long been a faithful burner of tapers at their altars. The gist of all he has to say about America was said by Matthew Arnold fifty years ago. Arnold warned us against size and numbers and the warning is still sound. Also, it was Arnold who remarked of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, served to him at a breakfast in Indianapolis, that they weren't "hawf so nawsty as they looked!"

Count Keyserling laments our lack of "soul" but Mr. Adams is more distressed by our lack of culture—using the word as interpreted by Arnold and Pater and our own Charles Eliot Norton.

Let Mr. Adams speak for himself:

We can prate as we like about the idealism of America, but it is only money success which really counts.

America, with its vast resources, its boiling prosperity, half of the world's gold, is sucking Europe into the maelstrom of its own whirling industrial life. Europe feels itself slipping against its will, and clings desperately to the shore. It is possible that the present economic regime in America cannot last forever. When overproduction glutts the home market, when manufacturers have to enter into foreign competition for new markets the story may be different, though the time may be far off. But in the mean time what may happen to the older and the more civilized ideals of the value of individuality and craftsmanship and artistic products?

What the cultured European desires above all else is to be an individual, to be able to express his own unique personality in work and play. The dreary sameness of American life throughout an entire and vast continent appalls him. Of what use to travel three thousand miles from New York to San Francisco if for the most part one sees only the same sort of people, reads the same comic strips and syndicated news columns, talks the same "shop," and sees the same city architecture?

Talk is possibly best between socialized, civilized men, but the process of socializing, civilizing and de-specializing them has been largely the task of woman, a task in which she has signally failed in America. This topic is complex enough to call for a paper wholly devoted to it, but I think it cannot be denied that woman in America has failed in her age-long duty of civilizing her man. She has merely appropriated leisure and culture to herself. Woman has never made anything of culture without man. As a result of the complete social dichotomy in America, the women have developed an anaemic, uncreative cultural atmosphere, and the social life of both sexes has become uncivilized in a very real sense.

Far down the path which America is now treading, at the end of the vista, in the shadow of the future, but all too clearly visible to the eye of the historian, stands, biding his time, the sinister figure of the man on horseback, the dictator who inevitably "saves society" when social insubordination and disintegration have become intolerable, when order has given place to chaos. We must rule or be ruled. Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Mussolini—the line is long and the sequence inevitable. America must be saved, but it must be by regeneration, not by efficiency. May Mr. Hoover ponder the problem and face the issue!

I cannot see that, as a general rule, American universities or colleges leave the slightest cultural impress upon those who attend them.

Even if the American business man were alive to the enormous social responsibility of the position in which he finds himself, it is not likely that he could assume the roles in civilization which have hitherto been taken by a dozen or so classes of other types, that he include within himself all the springs-to thought and action and all the checks and balances which a variety of social types have hitherto supplied. For one thing, the prime factor in business life, the need for making a profit, is at war with the spirit of all the arts and with what should be the spirit of the professions.

In order to gain popularity with a very large proportion of business men, many of whom have today risen from nothing to riches since the War, one thing is fundamentally necessary. You must never appear to be superior even if you are. Not long ago one of the New York banks added a new vice-president. He was chosen not for his ability but for his hearty vulgarity, so that he could "make contacts" with the bank's new sort of customers! Too perfect an accent in English may be almost as dangerous in business as a false one in Latin used to be in the House of Lords. To display a knowledge or taste in art or literature not possessed by your "prospect" may be fatal. On the whole, it is safest to plump yourself down to his level at once whatever that may be, to talk his talk, and only about what he talks. (Continued on page 48)



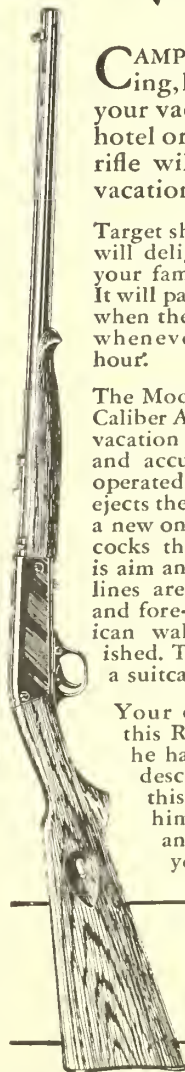
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America and Her Critics

(Continued from page 47)

The great stress we lay in America on the high standard of living is offensive to Mr. Adams and this of course brings in the old question of whether comfort and the cultivation of things spiritual are incompatible. He and Count Keyserling are convinced that we lack what the late W. C. Brownell, one of the wisest of critics of life and art, called "democratic distinction."

An aristocracy of culture in the old sense we have not attained and why should we? There is manifest in America a spiritual culture of a new sort that is expressed through science as well as in literature and the arts. No intelligent person would hold it to be desirable to recast America's political and social structure to conform to, say, that of Italy of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, even if by doing so we could repeat the achievements in literature and art of the Renaissance. Admirable as those attainments were we would hardly have America return to the cruelty, the squalor and misery suffered by the great body of the people in those periods. I do not share the feeling of many commentators, foreign and native, that success in business is in itself so terrible. Business has always been carried on in the hope of profit (a word hateful to Mr. Adams) from the days when ships and caravans brought silver and gold, ivory, apes and peacocks for Solomon's delight.

A point overlooked by both American and foreign critics who "view with alarm" is that we have many patriotic men and women who think quite as seriously as they do, and with sounder information, about the present and the future of America. The great question for the consideration of Legionnaires is whether we are realizing the aims and aspirations and the best hope of the republic. I suggest that it would be a fine thing if in every post of The American Legion and at the gatherings of the Auxiliary an evening were occasionally devoted to discussions of criticisms of America. No other organizations have a better right to pass on such matters; no other organizations could exercise so important an influence in correcting errors and warning upon evils.

If our more acute problems are attributable to prosperity and a craving for comfort and luxury they are hardly more serious than those that arise in other countries from poverty. The world has witnessed a great deal of hunger in the course of the ages and hunger is a disagreeable sensation. The memory of misery doesn't easily die in the blood of the race; it's no proof that the American has sold his soul to the devil that he does, somehow, like to be comfortable. Most of our critics, lamenting our lack of culture, use the word in a restricted and outworn sense. Spiritual is another much-abused term. It would be strange if we of America didn't find new playgrounds for the imagination—

as we are doing notably in architecture—or if the spirit of man—the "candle of the Lord"—wasn't something different in the day of the electric light.

It is time to stop lauding the glory of the old world to the disparagement of America. What we've got and hope to improve is, quite obviously, different from anything the world ever attempted before. What America has done in sanitation, in medicine and surgery and through inventions that have so enormously eased the burdens of life, cannot be waved aside as unimportant at the behest of those who proclaim us a nation doomed to self-destruction through gross materialism.

The thing, not to be forgotten, is that in America we are attentive to the needs of humanity, while with equal zeal we are encouraging the arts. Both philanthropy and the arts require money—the profits created by the despised American business man. Music, for example, is one of the noblest and most delightful and inspiring of the arts. Music costs money. Grand opera and symphony orchestras are highly expensive. And these are things we have established, little as our critics may care to admit it, because of the generosity of American business men who may not really care so much themselves for music but spend their dollars to keep this cultural integer easily accessible to the people.

Through radio broadcasting (paid for by American business!) more people have listened to classical music and got from it, we may believe, solace and uplift, than ever before were reached by any other art. Business pays the bills. And such admirers of Soviet Russia as abide among us may well ponder a little as to whether the Russian peasant, harassed by the stern lords at Moscow, enjoys any such privileges and benefits as reach the humblest American citizen every day. A gentleman in Chicago "got behind" Shakespeare last winter: He would have the plays presented competently, not only for his own city but for all the Middle West. It wasn't necessary; no one would have complained if he hadn't done it. Rather surprising that he should do it. And yet, somehow, he felt a call to give Shakespeare to people who would never have known Hamlet or Macbeth but for his generosity. It may be complained that the people who enjoy these things are not the great majority but there is nothing so surprising in that. Mr. Adams would have us all "cultured"; concerned with "sweetness and light," and yet it was never true at any period in history that any great number of people were seriously touched by these things. If the multitude had ever been so affected and exalted the archæologist (with American money) would not now be so busy digging amid "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

Any effort to Europeanize America is doomed to failure. We have been attempting for a hundred and fifty years to accomplish certain definite things unique in history. The time has not yet come for hauling down the flag. Blunders we have made—a lot of them; and we shall go on making mistakes—and correcting them; but we have, all things considered, met our responsibilities as a member of the family of nations rather splendidly. We have fed the hungry and healed the sick in every part of the world and it can hardly be pretended that the example we offer of the practical workings of democracy hasn't been of some value to mankind.

It is, I believe, the sincere hope of every true American that we shall dwell in peace and concord with all peoples. America is not looking for trouble. If other nations do not admire our form of government or prefer to see in us a mob of vulgarians we can only hope to win their better opinion as we go on, in our own fashion, trying to learn the art of living and of governing ourselves.

The foreigners and expatriates who regard us as only a low order of money-crazy barbarians, with no reverence for learning or for the arts or for humanity, would do well to consider the great Foundations created by American men and women for all these causes. Education and the arts, certainly, are supported with munificent generosity. The gifts in these fields in the past decade climb into the millions. Most Americans know nothing of such benefactions as that of Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, who gave thirty-eight millions for the "welfare of mankind," or of Mrs. Russell Sage's fifteen million fund for the improvement of social and living conditions, or of the Millbank Memorial

Fund of ten millions for the study of child welfare and community health. These are incidental. Every large city now has its Foundation for human welfare. The medical service of the Rockefeller Foundation is carrying relief, cheer and hope to people in obscure corners of the earth who hardly know the name America.

The thing of immediate concern is to maintain in our continuing development as even a balance as possible between the material and the spiritual, interpreting the spiritual as inclusive of everything that bears upon the security, the beauty and the charm of life. If an European would be better pleased if we had produced pictures and statues instead of the electric light, the telephone, the automobile, the aeroplane or made our important contributions to preventive medicine, surgery and political and social science, we can only be sorry that such a critic has so imperfect a sense of values.

It is time that we were bristling a little at our critics. Count Keyserling and Mr. Adams are both wary of the most vital question that can interest the thinking American—a more intelligent attention to politics. It is for our critics to tell us concretely just how we are failing and just what may be done to improve the conditions which they lament. Count Keyserling and Mr. Adams offer no solutions.

The effect, if not the purpose, of criticism of the kind here indicated is to befuddle readers and weaken confidence in the great fundamentals on which our democracy rests, without compensatory benefit. But where matters are suggested of vital import, they invite the study and challenge the constructive genius of the best minds of the nation.

Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 19)

pill rollers back again bangin' stones at the door."

I didn't say anything, because I'd just seen my first stiff. I tell you it gave me a shock, too. It was a young lad about my age, in his shirt and breeches. He must have been asleep and been killed when he ran up out of his dugout to see what it was all about. It made me dizzy than I was, for a minute or two.

We began to come across packs and stuff that had been thrown away then, and I took enough time to unhook a canteen and pour it into me. It was full, and I bet I drank about half of it. Then I got back my wind while Joe emptied it.

Both of us felt better after that. Man, I was dry! We went on, looking for some of our own gang, which we should have seen by now. We'd gotten out into the field behind the town that I remembered, but it seemed to me that we kept going downhill all the time, whereas to get into this town you went downhill, and going out you should go up.

"You don't suppose we're turned around, do you, Joe?" I asked. "Let's listen and see where the noise is coming from. With this hangover we've got, we might do anything."

We listened, but every direction you listened in there was just as much noise as the others. We looked, but we couldn't see anything because of the smoke.

A shell came screeching from nowhere and we flopped. Flup! it went. It was a dud. It must have hit on its side, or the ground was too soft, anyway it didn't explode.

Before we could get up a bunch of men came out of the smoke. There were about twenty of them in column of twos. I started to yell to them, but had just sense enough not to, because the next second I saw that they were Germans. By golly, you can't realize how hard it is to tell the difference in fog or smoke! You just see a blotch in the grayness.

Well, these squareheads went by within a foot of us, (Continued on page 50)



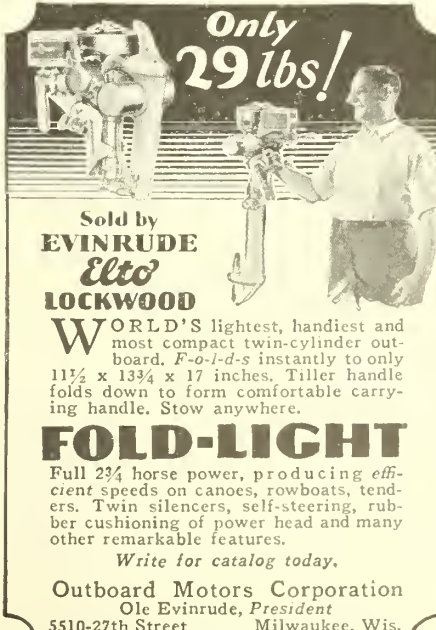
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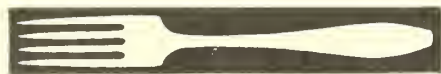
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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 49)

but we were lying down, you see, and didn't move, and if they did see us, which I doubt, because they were all looking damned solemn and scared right to the front, they must have thought we were stiff. They all had on wrap leggins like we wear, and each one had a bag over his shoulder. It was a queer thing, it looked like the two halves of a pillow case, or a set of white wings. Maybe it was to carry loot in. Each one had on a white arm band, too, what for I don't know, because they weren't Red Cross men. Well, they went by, and disappeared in the fog.

"They the guys you been trying to catch for years?" I asked Joe. "Afraid to throw anything at them for fear you'll break a window?"

"Quit your kiddin'," said he. He was scared green.

"Those birds are going home," I said. "They must have had their belly-full of it. Let's run a ways and we'll get to some of our troops. There's some reserve companies around here."

I knew where our troops were, you see, because it was my job to keep their command posts located so I could send their mail to them.

Joe, however, wouldn't run. He was an old man, after all, and he'd had a rough night, and could just about stagger. So we didn't run; we walked, but as fast as we could, and every time we thought we heard a noise we lay down again and played we were dead. If any more of these homeward bound pick-nickers came our way, they might not be as blind as the first set, and might take a poke at us with a bayonet just for luck.

"There's a bunch of wire here!" said Joe.

"Yeh? Well that's kind of common around the front," said I. Hmm. I didn't remember any, though, in back of the town. We must have lost our direction. This wire was old and rusty, and it wasn't very high, so we thought we could get through it.

The fog was clearing a little, and we could see the far side of the belt of wire. We got over after a while and found there was another belt beyond, and what looked like an old trench. They have wire here all in a coil they carry out to block these abandoned trenches with. It's like a watch spring, something. Anyway they tell me they give it a heave and it unrolls all by itself. It hasn't got as many barbs as ordinary wire, only one lone one about every two or three feet, but you can't crawl through it.

We decided to follow along this trench and find some way to cross it. Joe was wabbling, and I didn't feel very full of pep myself, because we'd been running around for quite a while, and with a man's heart pounding from excitement and he with a hang-over, too, it doesn't take him very long to get exhausted.

We ran across some dead Germans

there, full pack, just as they had fallen, but we didn't waste any time souvenir-ing them. I was beginning to get scared. We should have been back to the road long ago. A little farther on we struck more dead Germans, and two of our fellows. They looked as if they'd been on guard, because both of them had on their overcoats and slickers. They wear their overcoats to keep warm and the slicker on top of the overcoat to keep dry.

No remarks from either of us. Just beyond was a whole pile of stuff, and when we went nearer to see what it was, it was a string of dead that stretched away out and down the slope out of sight. All Germans. On the other side was a machine gun sticking out of a hole. We ducked, because we were right in the line of fire, but the gun didn't make any noise, and when we went up there after a while, to ask the gunners where we were, we found them both dead. We didn't linger there long, because it was a rough thing to look at. These two men must have killed off the long string we could see, but evidently the Germans had got around them and killed the gunners from behind with grenades.

"We're headin' the wrong way!" said Joe, pointing to those tumbled heaps out in front. "Look at the way the gun was pointing!"

"Maybe they worked in and came up from behind," said I.

"Naw," said Joe. "these here fellars was on duty. They got their overcoats on. And this wire an' the like o' that! This is the front line!"

"But didn't we hear all that noise and racket in front of us? Wasn't that the front line? We came in the opposite direction from it, didn't we? And those fellows we saw running, our guys, I mean, they were going in this direction." "The fightin' was behind us," said Joe, blinking. "They went through and got behind us. Them we heard, them we seen, I mean, was runnin' up for reinforcements or somethin'. Maybe they was lost like us."

You've never been scared, Rupe. Neither had I until that minute. It struck me all of a sudden that what Joe said was right. And then I was scared. Man, I didn't know that there was a depth of terror like that in a man.

We were alone there on that battlefield. It was quite light now, and you could see pretty far. Just mud and hummocky ground like an old pasture, and some woods I'd never noticed before, and the heaps that were dead Germans. But the Boche had licked us! They were through and way in back of us! We could hear machine guns going like the hammers of hell, and the flup-flup-flup of distant guns firing a barrage, and us with no weapon beside those dead machine gunners.

"If I ever get out of here alive," said Joe, "I'll never take another drink!"

We went away from there anyway

and more carefully, because we didn't want to get killed right off, and as long as we were out in front so far we'd better keep our heads down.

We were in the front line, because we struck the fire-trench in a couple of minutes. It was empty, but blankets and shoes and mess kits were all over the place. There weren't any dugouts there, just shelves in the wall of the trench where the fellows could lie down. The shelter halves that they'd hung up like curtains had mostly all been torn down, and even while we were watching, two big Huns came down the trench. They had their arms full of bags of sugar they'd gotten out of the emergency ration cases, and before they could put these down and unsling their rifles we were gone.

A guy doesn't know how scared he can be until he gets into a battle, and he doesn't know how fast he can move either. We went, and when we couldn't go another step we flopped. There was a big shell hole, empty, and that was our stopping place.

Neither of us had anything to say or wind to say it with if we'd had. We were sick and dry, and our heads going around and around like tops, and no gas mask, nor gun, nor food, nor anything. We were way behind our lines, too, and sooner or later we were going to be captured. That was the toughest thought for me, that in my first real fight I'd been drunk, and hadn't been able to take any part in it. I made up my mind I'd go on the wagon the rest of my life. I made up my mind to a lot of things in that lonely shell hole, but I gave up hope of ever doing any of them.

"Let's see if we can't find a gun somewhere," I said finally for something to say.

"What for?"

"Well, if a big kraut comes along and we haven't any guns the chances are he'll skewer us right off. I want to have some chance for my life."

"Naw," said Joe, "if we had guns they'd be more like to heave one o' them rolling pins at us."

We intended to stay right in that shell hole, but the Boches, or the Yanks, began to make more shell holes in that vicinity. Zoong! they'd come down, and whoppo! up would fly hunks of stuff as big as a man. There are lots of places in the fields here that are just a kind of a soft rock, like half-baked clay, and all in layers. When a shell hit in that stuff it didn't go very deep, but it certainly spread rock around the landscape.

We fell into a sap and a listening post at about the third or fourth jump. It was empty, of course, but there were two Springfields on the parapet, two bandoliers and a slicker hanging up on a peg driven into the wall. When I got my mitts on that Springfield I was a new man. Joe found the last end of a plug of chewing in the pocket of the slicker and he was a new man, too.

Gee, things happened fast. We heard feet running, and ducked out into the sap. They were German feet, because we could hear orders being yelled. The sap, instead of going out into a trench,

went right out into the field. All hell was loose there, believe me. I could smell gas, and the old yellow mustard was rolling along under a cloud of dirty gray powder smoke. You could see shell flashes in there, and hear those old G. I. cans screech as they tore apart. No going any farther in that direction.

You remember that forest fire that we fought two summers ago over at Brandon? Well, it was just like that, and every once in a while you see a bunch of men coming running out of the smoke just the way deer and rabbits used to come out of the forest fire. They were all going off toward our left, and we guessed they must be all Boche. You couldn't see with the naked eye what shape their helmets were, but once in a while I could see—or thought I could—a white armband. That's what those birds wear them for, so they can tell friend from foe in the dark and smoke. There was one group, suddenly, instead of going to the left, ducked across the other way, and into a shell hole or a sap or something out of sight.

"See'm?" asked Joe. "See'm fellars? Got 'n' our guys!"

You know the way he talks when he's got his mouth full of chewin'. I watched, and sure enough, after they'd got their wind, half a dozen of the Boches piled out of the hole they been in and started off again. They did have a Yank, because he was bareheaded, and you could see the white of stockings. They made him gallop, too, over that stony ground.

BANG! right in my ear.

"You damned drunken idiot!" I yelled. "What the hell did you do that for?"

The old souse Joe, mind you, had let off his rifle.

"Got one!" he says, holding his chin up so the licorice wouldn't run out of his mouth.

Down goes his chin on the stock again—bang!

Joe's a pretty good shot—member the deer he killed my rook year?—and he knocked another Jerry over, because I saw him drop. They weren't over a hundred yards away, anyway.

Well, at that the other Jerries let go of the prisoner and hipered. I let a bullet go after them that would have endangered any airplanes there might have been overhead, but didn't do the Jerries any harm, and then we ducked to watch results.

Don't forget, Rupe, that this is in a battle, with smoke and shells and God knows what else, and when two out of five or six bite the dust suddenly and for no known reason, those others present being in a state of green terror themselves all the time—I know from my own experience—those others present are liable to drop everything and go away from there as fast as may be.

So these Jerries went. We saw the prisoner stick his head up after awhile and kind of look around, and we yelled to him to come over. When he saw us and did, who do you suppose it was? Well, it was that machine gunner I didn't like very well. He was glad to see me, though. He (*Continued on page 52*)

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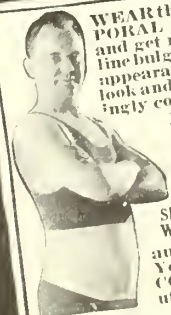
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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 51)

was white as a sheet, and crying like a kid, and I thought he was going to kiss me and Joe. The Boches had taken his shoes off him and he had cut his feet pretty badly.

They'd gone through his pockets, because the flaps on his blouse were all unbuttoned and the linings of his breeches pockets inside out. We buttoned him up again, and Joe crawled over to one of the dead Germans and got the kid a pair of shoes and puttees, which, even if they did stink, were better than running around in bare feet.

Then the kid straightened up a bit and told us what he knew of what had happened, beginning with the birthday party. He wasn't as drunk as he pretended to be, it seems—you know what these kids are—but he'd had enough to make him wobbly. His head was ringing, too, because someone had given him a bang on the jaw. I didn't tell him it was me.

Well, the men on the gun came in and it was his turn to go out. He was acting as loader, and was lying down beside the gun with his head in the cold mud, trying to sober up, when he heard our artillery letting go. They got more and more enthusiastic, and pretty soon the Boche started up in reply. They began to shell hell out of the front line.

"We were sore as hell," said the kid, "because the artillery was always shooting up some part of the Boche line and we'd get the retaliation. That was just before daybreak, and a little later, about time for 'stand-to,' we heard machine guns going on our right. That's the other battalion's sector. They pounded for about fifteen minutes, then stopped. We were keeping down because of the shells, and after the shells stopped we came out of the hole and tried to see something. Too much fog and smoke.

"Mind you, there's only me and Luther Harkness on the gun, not another man showed up. We decided there must be a raid on. We could hear rifle fire and yelling and sometimes it was quite close. Luther decided I should go back to the edge of the town, where the lieutenant's dugout was, and tell him what was going on, and see if I couldn't get a crew together.

"Well, I did. And I ran into a whole company of Jerries. They were lying down in the ditch just outside 'A' company's kitchen shack. Gee, what could I do? Three of them grabbed me before I knew what had happened. They'd killed the cook and the two K. P.'s."

The kid broke down again here and gurgled and choked for a long time. Joe and I meanwhile kept our eyes peeled for any more Boche coming our way out of the smoke. I crawled over to where the two were that Joe had shot, to see if their hole they had jumped into was better than ours, but it wasn't, and then if we went over there we'd have to move those two Germans, and they were both big heavy lads, so I decided not to. I saw, though, the reason they had run

over there. They had a path marked out with little stakes shoved into the ground, and white rags tied on them, that ran off downhill and out of sight. I suppose they'd driven those stakes as they advanced, to show their troops how to get back with prisoners and messages.

"Listen, kid," said I, when I got back, "here's one of those Jerries' rifles, and a fistful of cartridges! You know how to work a rifle?"

He did, because these machine guns used to be cavalry. The rifle was loaded anyway and I told him to hang onto it and be ready to help if we needed him.

"It's broad daylight," I said, "where you been since they captured you?"

"Luggin' wounded. They captured our dressin' station, the one in the town. I had to lug their wounded in there. They'd killed all our guys that were in it!"

He was off again, no use trying to get any sense out of him.

"Where's the town?" asked Joe. "Lay off runnin' off at the nose! Where's the town?"

The kid pointed and said he didn't think it was far.

We weren't very pleased, because the farther it was, the better we'd have liked it, it being full of Boches. You should have seen old Joe. You'd never known he was a janitor then. His eyes were shining and his old jaw was set, and he kept looking around like an old scout of the plains in the movies. We'd both of us got back our courage, I guess, because running around the way we had, had sweat the drink out of us, and then we had to be brave in front of this kid, and from acting brave we got to where we weren't so scared any more.

"I think 'e're 'uttin' up a sc'ap!" said Joe. He'd taken another chew and his mouth was full of licorice again. He tossed his head toward the smoke for me to look that way, I suppose, and by golly the noise was louder, and instead of being ragged and coming in waves the way it had before, it was steady now, and mad, like hornets when you banged a rock into their nest.

Then as I looked, a big gang came out of the smoke, running low and heading off to the right the way the first bunch had gone that had the kid prisoner. There were a couple of platoons of them at least, and we had sense enough not to shoot at them. They were falling back, no doubt of it, because they were carrying their wounded, and you could see every once in a while a little group of Yanks that had been taken prisoners. Sometimes they'd be carrying stretchers, but most of the time they'd be in groups of five or six. It was broad day now, and you could tell them by the color of their uniforms. One platoon nearly ran right over us, then one of them found the first of the stakes with the rags on them, and they turned and went off that way.

"Let's get out of here," I said, "because sooner or later some of those birds are liable to spot us!"

That seemed to be a good idea. You get restless in battle, anyway, and want to be moving all the time, so we grabbed the kid and started off to the left, keeping low and going from hole to hole. There were a lot of shells bursting around there now, and that slowed us up a lot. Those that burst farthest away seemed to be the most dangerous, because hunks of them would buzz over us and nearly part our hair. We went up over a kind of ridge on our stomachs, because we didn't know what might be over there.

Then we heard somebody yell.

"Hey! Hey!"

We looked and could see two men waving to us. They looked like Yanks, but you never could tell; they might be Boches.

"Come over here!" they hollered.

Well, if they were Boches they spoke English with a darned good old New England accent, so we went over toward them.

"What outfit you fellers from?" they began to holler. "Where's your company? Seen any Boches?"

"Hell, yes!" said Joe.

I could see then who one of these other men was. He was a wireless operator with one of the infantry battalions. I'd seen him often. We went down the other side of the slope and over the next with these two men. They were a flank patrol from a sort of composite company that was in a gully there. I'll say it was composite! I recognized a battalion runner or two, the battalion sergeant major, the major's dog-robber, a signal corps sergeant that ran the telephone central, and two birds that worked on the honey-cart. They were prisoners that had been left over from the division we'd relieved, to work out their sentence. How they'd got up that far I didn't see, because as far as I knew there weren't hives in the front line.

Some of this gang were dressed, but the majority were in shirt and breeches, with their overcoats on top. Some had helmet and no mask, and some mask and no helmet. There was a major in command that was in pajamas and rubber boots with a sheep-skin on top. He must have been cold. Good enough for him! It would teach him not to undress in the front line.

"Where's your outfit?" barks this guy.

"I don't know, sir," I answered.

I expected he'd recognize me in a second and want to know what the hell a man from division headquarters was doing up there, but he didn't.

"Where's the Boches?" he wanted to know.

Well, we just waved our arms at the landscape.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know the place is full of 'em, but have you seen any large bodies of them?"

"Tell him about that trail they marked out," whispered Joe in my ear.

"What's that?" snaps the major.

I told him and how far it was, and how we could lie in the sap and see it.

"We'll have a look at it!" said he.

He took the whole outfit, moving in a kind of squad column. We didn't see a single Jerry all the way over, but we had two fellows hit by a shell. We left the men in the sap and the major and I crawled over to where the stakes were. You could see that the Boches had been along there, because there was a lot of junk they had thrown away, more than when I had been there. Rocket pistols, and hand grenades, and bundles of blankets they swiped in our dugouts, and tin cans out of emergency ration cases. These ration cases are big things like coffins, made of lead, and with rations for a platoon in them. They have canned coffee and sugar and beans and stuff and there are always a bunch of them in the fire trench in case the trench is isolated by shell fire. The Jerries make for them the first thing.

"If they're throwing away those cans of chow," says the major to me, "that means that the squareheads are damned demoralized."

He never said any more, but turned around and started back for his catch-as-catch-can company. He'd torn his pajamas somehow, and the effect of his crawling was startling.

"Men," he said, "the Boches are falling back in confusion. Let's confuse 'em some more. They haven't all gone by a long shot, so don't anyone feel disappointed. Pick your own targets and fire at will."

That was easy to say, but it didn't look like so much fun at first. There wasn't room in the sap and the old listening post for all of us, and if the Boche weren't demoralized, and somebody should see us, it would be nice for those on top of the ground, of which I was one.

Another man was hit right beside me, by a bullet from somewhere. I began to get tired again, and to realize I hadn't had anything to eat and my stomach had been pumped out several times, and that my legs were pretty wobbly, and the ground hard. There weren't any more Boche out there, but the racket was going on just the same, so the battle wasn't over by any means.

Just then four Jerries came out of a fold in the ground and went off over the hill, following the stakes. Not a one of us fired, we were so surprised. It was probably lucky we didn't, because those birds were an advance patrol for a whole company.

We fired at *them*. Rrrrip! Whack, whack, whack, like men on the target range. The Germans never paid us any attention. I don't think they even realized they were under fire. Our fire was pretty wild, but you'd see a man drop now and then, and somebody fall out and find out where he'd been hit, and maybe put a first-aid bandage on him. Some of the first-aid men were hit, too, but I guess the major went around and made the men cut out shooting at them.

We noticed that they would never leave a man on the ground, and we were wondering how it was we couldn't kill anyone, until someone decided they were taking off their (Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 53)

dead as well as wounded. There was one crowd that went through, that went head down, and it was like killing rabbits to shoot them. They must have had the hell mauled out of them, because they stopped for nothing, wounded or dead; all they wanted to do was to get out of there.

We lay there a long time, letting drive at everyone that went down that trail. The Boche were falling back alright, and we wondered why they didn't see all the stiffies there and realize the trail was under fire. I guess it was their only way home, and they were going that way, fire or none.

Finally a gang of about two hundred came along, with a bunch of our fellows carrying stretchers. We couldn't fire, because we were afraid we'd hit a Yank, and these Jerries weren't confused in the least, so even the wildest of us knew it would be murder to rush 'em and try to rescue those prisoners. They made our fellows stop and pick up the German dead along the trail, and carry them away.

While they were doing this, you could see machine gun crews going out on the flanks and setting up their guns in case anyone should bother them. They didn't spot us. It's hard to see a man in a khaki uniform all plastered with mud when he's lying in the mud, even if you know he's there, and when you don't, and shells are flying and bullets, cracking, and guys letting out a screech for first-aid every minute or so, a man's attention is somewhat distracted.

This last bunch of Jerries began to get shelled, so they gathered in their patrols, and shoved off. They must have been the last, because we didn't see any more for over an hour, and then a company from the other battalion came along, and asked us to join up with them. All was clear on their side, and they were going up to see if they couldn't clear out a gang that was still in the cemetery.

That was the end of the battle for me. We went back with this company to the edge of the town, but it was being shelled until hell wouldn't have it, some said by our own artillery, although there hadn't been a Boche in there for the last hour. Nobody seemed to know where the Boche were, but they were around, alright. We had more men hit in ten minutes there than all the morning.

There was some talk between the major and another officer of trying to clear out what had been our front line, which seemed to be held by the enemy in force, but the other officer was rather vague about taking his company and tackling such a job unsupported.

They decided to stay where they were, and send a man back to the artillery to have him pound hell out of our own front line, and then they'd see what they could do to clean it out afterwards.

Joe and I had a little council of our own about then and we decided that it

would be a good chance to fade. Our outfits would be needing us, and we might have some difficulty in explaining what we were doing, and being on the front line anyway without a pass, so at an opportune moment we just eased around the old wall, and then away.

It was hot going until we got back to the road, because shells kept whooping down on us, and when you didn't hear a shell, you could hear bullets cracking over you. We got back to the road, though, but that was as far as we dared go. The Boches were raining steel on it and behind it, so we got into a culvert with a gang of other men, and spent the rest of the morning there.

There were a couple of truck drivers, a runner, and a Y. M. C. A. man in there, all caught on the road by the first barrage. They were wild to know what was going on, and if our fellows were holding out. We told 'em they needn't worry. We tried to get out of there about noon, but the shelling was so heavy we couldn't. Some support troops came in early in the afternoon, and a major kicked us out of our culvert because he wanted it for a P. C.

The rumor got around that the Boche had counter-attacked and driven all of our men out of the town again, and at nightfall they'd try their luck on us. We couldn't reconcile this with the way we'd seen the Jerries hauling their tails down that trail in the morning, but the noise out in front was pretty bad, and the bombardment didn't let up for a minute.

Joe got away after dark and got back to his outfit, but I didn't go until the next morning. Nobody said anything to me either, because everyone had been off doing special duty. Some of the clerks had been used as runners, the sergeant major went off with a detachment of bandmen to lug stretchers, and all the officers had been up all night carrying orders.

The fight didn't quiet down until the next day, and it took two days more to find out what had really happened. We'd got a dam' good bang in the nose, but not as bad as we thought we had at first, and although we lost a lot of prisoners, we hadn't lost a foot of ground. I guess the Boche know who we are now!

Well, that was my first battle. For a time it looked as if I was going to get away with it cold, but it seems the kid machine gunner squealed on us. He was pretty grateful to us for rescuing him from a conducted tour of Germany, and he told everyone he got hold of how we'd done it. It got better every time he told it, too.

Then the major that we'd showed the staked trail to remembered that we'd helped a little there, too, and they began to hunt around for us. I was known, of course, by sight, to nearly everyone in the division, so I was the first one they grabbed. I let on I didn't

know who Joe was when they first had me up for questioning, but when I found out all were pleased, and they were going to send our names home to the paper for being good boys, I loosened up.

Well, Joe got the Croix de Guerre, or he's going to get it, and I was made a sergeant on the spot. All a guy needs to do at the front is *soldier*, and they'll forgive him everything else.

Marty Ferrand is missing. The Boche

must have captured him, because they didn't find his body anywhere.

And another sad thing to register, really serious. Joe has lost his store teeth. We spent kind of a rough night the night after we got our decorations, and Joe shed his teeth somewhere and didn't know it until the next day.

Love,
JOHN.

(To be continued)

A Personal View

(Continued from page 21)

THAT IS, ALL the money they have. Maybe some of our two million men who were in France will understand without reading this. Anyhow, the French recovery is the economic wonder of post-war reconstruction.

France has now the largest gold reserve of any nation except the United States. She recently built an addition to the vaults of the Bank of France to hold it. The amount is nearly two billion dollars plus big credits abroad on which she can draw.

How did she get it? She has no gold mines. Work is one cause of course. The French are not afraid of that. For years the number of unemployed in France has not risen above fifteen thousand. As she can use more labor than she has at home two million laborers have come in from Italy and Spain.

But that does not explain this enormous largess. During the War and after the War, when nothing but script was in circulation, France had far more gold than anyone realized. The people had taken the gold, that was not in the Bank of France, out of circulation. In case the worst happened they were going to have something put by that would pass as money. Gold would be good even if the Germans did conquer France. Not only the thrifty peasant and villager whom we knew in our billets, but all classes of Frenchmen, had both gold and silver buried in cellars or in safe hiding places. In case of death heirs look for the secret treasure.

The hoardings were increased by the money that the British and American, Canadian and Australasian armies left in France; and by all that the tourists of Central and South America, as well as North America and England and the rich foreigners who live there, spend in France. This is estimated to amount to a balance of four hundred millions of gold a year in France's favor. So she is gaining gold faster than any other nation. French foreign bonds which were selling for eighty-five a few years ago, when some of our bankers shook their heads over possible French insolvency, are now selling for one hundred and twenty. And all this prosperity and increase of wealth has come while France was adhering to universal conscription and maintaining the largest standing army in Europe.

"Poor France" of War days and post-War days went to the London Naval

Conference more or less as the master of the situation who had to be appeased if an agreement were to be made. In the name of her thirteen hundred thousand war-dead she wanted security against old dangers and the new threat of Italy.

When England was feeling the pinch, and America hating to pay the cost to build her fleet up to parity with Britain's, France had the money to pay for naval increase which would guarantee it by force if no other way. The ever-winning *La Belle* is no longer a petitioner with liberty cap in hand, but has the cap perched jauntily on her head with the same old captivating twinkle in her eye become challenging. She is the rich Marianne.

As the average Frenchman saves a quarter, if not a third, of his income, and spends the money he does spend at home rather than on trips abroad, she will grow richer and richer, and in another ten years may have to build another addition to the Bank of France to hold her gold reserve, which may then exceed that of the United States. *A votre santé*, Marianne, ever young, ever gallant, ever shrewd, ever thrifty, ever busy, ever charming!

"CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE" is the method by which Gandhi, India's bony leader of the loin cloth, would win independence from

Maybe
Mahatma Can

work no food will be grown or transported. Therefore no eats, and famishing men will riot. Gandhi, himself, is used to a bowl of rice a day. But perhaps he may teach his countrymen to get on without even a kernel a day. He is a Mahatma in touch with a heavenly world.

A BOLD FIGURE passed in Germany's old sea-dog, von Tirpitz, builder of her pre-War navy. He was not of the school

If He Had
Had His Way

had been sent early to do or die against the British? If, from the start, Germany had defied the world by a heavier submarine building program and carried on ruthless submarine warfare against all neutral shipping? As it was, when America came into (Continued on page 56)

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A Personal View

(Continued from page 55)

the War, Britain would have been starved out by the following November. If von Tirpitz had had his way, America would have come in earlier.

SAY IT AGAIN that a universal draft law does not mean universal conscription in peace, but only in war. Volunteering will still prevail both in the Regulars and National Guard; and also in the Citizen's Military Training Camps which President Coolidge called "essential schools of citizenship." Urge youth to go to the Camps.

Get This Straight

THE LEGION HAS won more than appointments to West Point and Annapolis for sons of veterans who fell in the War. In New Jersey, Princeton and other colleges and law schools now have scholarships and funds for student aid. It is up to the sons to be worthy of the chance in memory of their fathers.

Another Thing To the Good

ALWAYS WELCOME and always readable is the two-page *Gas-Mask* the Cresco, Iowa, Post paper. Its town spirit makes life in Cresco attractive from afar. The editor is much cheered in faith that the small town is coming back. So it is, and home life, too, for the same reason. Television experts assure us that soon you may sit by your own fireside and see and hear, on your own screen, comedy or tragedy with the greatest talkie stars, the world's news

events and notables, and then dance as if you were a part of the crowd on the floor at a ball thousands of miles away. Husband will have no excuse to wife for A. W. O. L. then.

IF THE BILL to preserve the old cruiser *Olympia* has not already passed Congress then it should before April's end.

A Ship of Great Memory

She was the flagship of Commodore George Dewey's squadron, which, on the morning of the greatest May First of our history, steamed past the forts at the entrance to Manila Bay and dapperly and neatly demolished the Spanish squadron.

LETTERS CORRECTING MY slip in saying the late Colonel Fletcher, that wonderman in his power over the Mohammed-

Right You Are

dan Moros in the Philippines, was an officer of the Philippine Constabulary. He was of the Scouts, the smart native force of our Regular Army. But wherever he served, in whatever branch, he was Allen S. Fletcher, and an honor to his race.

WHEN YEAR AFTER year has shown an advance against the scourge, the latest statistics seem to indicate a slight increase in tuberculosis. The fashion among women to be thin seems to be the cause. Under-eating may be more harmful than over-eating by providing no reserve strength to combat disease.

Keeping Too Thin

Then and Now

(Continued from page 33)

finally into Charleston, South Carolina. I was assigned to the U. S. S. C. 352. The *Fanning*, *Warrington*, *Hannibal*, three tug boats and thirty-three sub-chasers were in our convoy, and the Mediterranean Fleet had about an equal number of ships.

"All of the chasers had radios on them, but in those days they were called wireless telephones and would carry the voice only from eight to fifteen miles. While sailing through those southern waters on clear nights the broadcasting of radio entertainment programs was born.

"In this convoy of sixty to sixty-five ships we had no trouble in finding plenty of competent talent. Oh, yes, we had canned music, too. The loud speakers were located in the pilot house where everyone could hear perfectly. Caruso Gagliano and Al Hall were our main-stays insofar as talent was concerned, Gagliano singing and Hall playing the guitar. Gagliano was probably the first

man in history to have microphone fright.

"Everyone knew that he was on the way home, consequently I feel sure that these programs stand out as the best that have ever been heard. I don't think that anybody in that whole crowd realized that wireless telephones would later be as common as the ordinary telephone.

"Of course, the wireless plants on each ship were both sending and receiving instruments. They were large, ungainly-looking things, very unlike the ones we have in our homes now. I had the pleasure of going to the first radio school in the world, I suppose—the Naval wireless telephone school in New London, Connecticut. I finished in April, 1918."

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses

KEEP YOUR MINNOWS ALIVE!



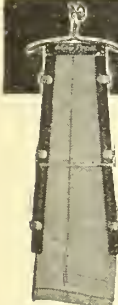
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With this great invention all men can have freshly pressed trousers every morning and save \$50 a year. It puts in a knife edge crease—takes out wrinkles—removes knee bag. Easily used in just a few seconds. Nothing like it. Well made, looks rich. Retail \$2.50. Big value. Every man wants one or more. A real fast seller and big repeater with 40% profit. Men and women are cleaning up big sales a day net you \$10.00. Almost sells on sight 25 first day. Mary Roberts made \$10 one evening. Others enjoying big profits in full or spare time. So can you. No risk. We start you. **FREE** sample outfit with special offer. Write quickly for offer, plan and territory.

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should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

Co. A, SEVENTH AMMUN. TRN.—Affidavits required from former members who served at Camp Moucon, near Vannes, France, and who know of disability to John W. MALONEY.

MOTOR SUP. TRN. No. 411, MOTOR TRUCK CO. 418.—Men who witnessed and recall injury to C. J. BUSH, cook, at Marsilles, France, in Sept., 1918. Particularly Sgt. COBLENTZ, Arthur BELLNAP, Marion LAMUNION and Lawrence RUBY.

125TH INF., 32d DIV.—Former members who remember Frank Moore who was gassed Oct. 5, 1918, on Argonne front.

16TH CONSTRUCTION CO., AIR SERV., A. E. F.—Former members who remember fractured spine sustained in service by A. N. WHYET.

Affidavit required from a doctor, probably DEVERAUX by name, who treated a veteran named CZYLIDY at Lake Placid, N. Y., during summer of 1924.

66TH ENGRS.—Affidavits required from former members, particularly LT. PAYNE, LT. WILCOX and Capt. C. P. McNULTY, to support claim of C. M. ST. CLAIR.

Affidavits from former Lt. Carl SEALE, M. C., Mitchell Field, L. I., who also served at Brindly Field, L. I., and from Lt. MOORE, his successor, required in support of disability claim.

HANFORD, Earl Elroy. Information regarding whereabouts of this man who served on U. S. S. *Manchuria* and later with Q. M. C. Det., Army of Occupation, wanted in connection with claim. Former home, Ft. Scott, Kans.

BTY. C, THIRD P. A., SIXTH DIV.—Statements from Capt. GRAHAM (or GRAMAM), Lt. A. W. CARMICHAEL, Sgt. Edward BLOOMFIELD, Cpl. Archie R. GOULD, Pvt. Leroy GETHARD, Charles MILLER, Ramo BARBATTIE and Eugene L. HIGH regarding injury sustained by Charles W. BAXTER at Fort Sill, Okla., in June, 1918, needed in support of disability claim.

414TH SUP. TRN.—Former members who know of shrapnel wounds sustained by J. S. VAN VRANKEN, q. m. sgt. Maj. HOWES may be able to give information.

WAR PRISON BARRACKS, 1ST CO., FT. MACPHERSON, ATLANTA, GA.—Assistance of Sgt. MILLER and Pvt. BUCHANAN is needed in connection with disability claim of William MICHAELIS.

Co. A, 320TH INF.—Information wanted from former members, particularly Sgt. Geo. E. BLACK who gave first aid to Frank A. FLEMING.

COPENING, Joseph R., ex-pvt. 1st, Med. Corps, enlisted Apr. 6, 1918, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., discharged Oct. 24, 1919, at Fort McIntosh, Texas, must be found in connection with adjustment of important government claim.

36TH DIV. M. P. Co.—Affidavit required from Gus LINK, pvt. 1st, in support of disability claim of Charles Henry LEEP, gassed in service.

U. S. NAVAL AVIATION STA., PENSACOLA, FLA.—Former members of "Class of 365," carpenters' mates, can assist A. MASTERTON in connection with disability claim.

311TH PACK TRN.—Information regarding death in service of Frank BRAZEAL at Milizac, France, Oct. 10, 1918, required in support of aged mother's compensation claim.

BTY. A, 21ST F. A.—Joseph B. CLARK, gassed and blinded, Nov. 5, 1918, near Viville, France, requires statements from Pvt. Lon A. SPURLOCK, who carried him to Dr. Frank SCHAEFFER for treatment, from the doctor, from KNIGHT and FAULKNER, Bty. B, 21st F. A., and RIESENBERGER and FUTA, Bty. A, 21st F. A.

BASE HOSP. No. 6.—Affidavits required from nurse, Miss GOODMAN (now Mrs. John H. McCLELLAND), from orderly and other men who remember Earl TAYLOR, ex-U. S. N. Also from man named KING and from "old FRITZ." Ex-sailors in Naval Ward, St. Mary Hosp., Jan-Feb., 1919, can also assist in claim.

16TH CO., 4TH REC. BN., 162d DEPOT BRIG., CAMP PIKE, ARK.—Pvt. Albert L. MARES, injured during bayonet practice in Sept. or Oct., 1918, wants statements from former comrades, particularly Cpl. James SCANLON.

10TH CO., 3d TRN. BN., 158TH DEPOT BRIG., AND Co. M, 101ST INF.—Statements required from former members who remember Joseph E. FIXLER, who died Oct. 23, 1918.

BTY. D, 11TH F. A.—Affidavits required from former members in support of claim of Louis Eugene HILL.

Co. G, 11TH MARINES.—Former members, particularly medical corpsmen and men of baseball team who remember disability of Herbert STOECKMANN.

BASE HOSP. No. 95, A. E. F.—Affidavits wanted from former members who remember Thomas PAPPAS, camp barber.

BTY. A, 342d F. A., 89TH DIV.—Men who remember William H. McNAUL in Camp Grant, Ill., Camp Mills, N. Y., and in France and Germany, can assist in disability claim.

Co. M, 34TH INF., 87TH DIV.—Statements required from Capt. Nathaniel G. MADPUX, C. O., first sergeant and (Continued on page 58)

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Each year during the week preceding Memorial Day the Legion sponsors and the Auxiliary conducts a national poppy sale to provide funds for veterans' welfare work. This is truly honoring the dead through service to their comrades—the disabled. There is only one official Legion and Auxiliary poppy. It is made entirely by disabled men and bears the approved label of both organizations. Insist on these Official Poppies and your efforts will do double duty in behalf of the disabled. If your Department Headquarters is unable to supply you, order direct.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Special poppy campaign "helps" supplied at cost. Write for details!

**"In Flanders Fields the Poppies Blow
Between the Crosses Row on Row"**

Then and Now

(Continued from page 57)

other men who remember disability of Lee DIAL in July, 1918, at Camp Dix, N. J.

Co. K, 18TH INF., FIRST DIV.—Affidavit wanted from Charles J. MALONE in support of claim of Wilbur E. KNIGHT.

Co. K, 366TH INF.—Former members who remember injury to Mose JACKSON.

813TH PIONEER INF.—Statement wanted from Daniel GORDON to support disability claim of Charles A. BUCKNER.

BOULEVARD PERIERS BARRACKS, PARIS.—Fredrick Dennis ENGELHARDT needs affidavit from Lt. or Capt. BOUCHER, M. C., who was doctor at this barracks from Dec., 1918, to Sept., 1919.

Co. C, FIRST AMMUN. TEN.—Statements from former members in support of claim of Crosswell L. DAVIS.

BTRY. D, SECOND TRENCH MORTAR BN.—Former members and also personnel of Camp Hosp. No. 24 near Langres, France, who remember shoulder injury of Merton B. CASTLE.

Co. M, TRAINING BN., M. G. T. C.—Sgt. Thomas R. BEASLEY and other comrades who remember knee injury of John M. SQUIRREL in football game in 1918 at Camp Hancock, Ga.

Hq. Co., 321ST F. A.—Hugh A. WELCH requires affidavit from Lt. BLACKWELL in support of disability claim.

40TH Co., TRANSP. CORPS.—Former members, particularly Sgt. "Red" HALEY, who remember illness of Walter C. BRAY while stationed in Tours, France.

NINTH Co., FIRST INF. TRAIN REGT.—John B. BERRY requires affidavits from comrades who were given gas instruction somewhere between Brest and Baccarat Sector, France, during late March or early April, 1918.

APPROXIMATELY twenty-five percent of the outfits which have announced reunions for 1930 will hold their meetings in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Boston this fall. It is quite a problem for a veteran with limited time and funds to choose between a trip to a national convention and an outfit reunion. So that former members of their organizations may enjoy both pleasures, the twenty-two organizations listed below will hold their get-togethers in Boston during the period of the Legion national convention, October 6th to 9th:

THIRD DIV.—Special convention reunion under auspices Officers of Boston Branch, Society of the Third Div. Address Walter J. Wells, Elks Hotel, 275 Tremont st., Boston. (Note: Official annual reunion and convention, Pittsburgh, July 10-12.)

11TH ENGRS.—Send names and addresses to Harold S. Ring, 50 E. 25th st., New York City, for information regarding convention reunion.

21ST ENGRS., LIGHT RV., A. E. F.—Reunion dinner at University Club, Boston, Oct. 7th. All ex-21st Engrs. are requested to register at reception parlors in Hotel Westminster, Boston, Oct. 5-7. For particulars, address Frederick G. Webster, 6819-A Prairie ave., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS.—Reunion in Boston. Send names and addresses to Carlos D. Smith, The Hawthorne Hotel, Salem, Mass., for information and to get your copy of the revived *The Highwayman*.

31ST ENGRS., RV.—To revise roster and get facts of Boston reunion, send names and addresses to F. E. Love, secy., 111 1st ave., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

318TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Reunion at Legion national convention. Address Earle E. Murphy, P. O. Box 998, New London, Conn.

M. G. Co., 104TH INF.—Proposed reunion during Legion national convention. Address Edwin A. Holmes, 40 Broad st., Boston.

SEVENTH BN. (25TH, 26TH, 27TH AND 28TH COS.), 151ST DEPOT BRIG.—Third reunion, to be held in Boston, Hotel Brunswick. Address R. M. Leonard, 176 Aspen rd., Swampscott, Mass.

FIRST AND NINTH F. A.—All former members who served on detached service at the School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., interested in convention reunion, address George H. Drew, Ladder Co. 2, Somerville Fire Dept., Bdwy. and Cross sts., East Somerville, Mass.

U. S. A. (HARVARD) BASE HOSP. No. 5.—Reunion in Boston. Headquarters at Parker House. Address W. I. Whitley, pres., 4 P. O. Square, Boston.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GREENE, N. C., AND BASE HOSP. No. 54, A. E. F.—Officers, nurses and corpsmen interested in reunion at Legion national convention, address Miss Rose A. Cassidy, Chadd's Ford, Pa.

BASE HOSP. No. 104.—Proposed reunion during Legion national convention, Boston. For particulars address Joseph Sussman, 133 Smith st., Perth Amboy, N. J.

34TH AERO SQDRN.—All former members interested in proposed reunion during Legion national convention in Boston, address John G. Sujack, 15 N. Vail st., Arlington Heights, Ill. 42D AND 4TH AERO SQDRNS.—For purpose of completing roster and arranging reunion at Legion national convention, Boston, former members please write to M. A. Niland, R. D. No. 7, Morgantown, W. Va.

491ST AERO CONSTR. SQDRN.—Proposed reunion at Boston. Address Talmage B. Rowe, 369 E. Green st., Nanticoke, Pa.

SIXTH, SEVENTH AND EIGHTH REGTS., C. A. C.—Reunion during Legion national convention, Boston. Former members send names and addresses and suggestions to W. G. (Dynamite Dutch) Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass. 42D, 43D, 44TH, 51ST, 52D, 53D AND 57TH REGTS., C. A. C.—All ex-members interested in national reunion at Boston and state reunions at Legion department conventions, write to J. A. Donnelly, 111 West Illinois st., Wheaton, Ill.

ORDNANCE TROOPS, DOMGERMAIN, FRANCE.—All veterans interested in reunion during Legion national convention, communicate with Robert Wood, City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

SUPPLY CO. 318, Q. M. C.—Reunion in Legion post rooms at Watertown, Mass., just out of Boston, in conjunction with Legion national convention. Address William A. (Speed) Leckie, 1809 Beverly rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*.—Reunion of former crew during Legion convention. Address Dr. M. M. Sorcson, 1506 State st., Racine, Wis.

U. S. S. *Bridgeport*.—Reunion of former crew in Boston, where ship was reconditioned and outfitted during war. Address Harry J. Leonard, P. O. Box 24, Clbourne, Tex.

A. P. O. AND P. E. S.—Veterans of these two branches of service in the A. E. F. who are interested in reunion at Legion national convention, write to Leon A. Rogalski, 859-29th ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

METROPOLITAN FIREMEN POST will hold open house at 1151 Washington st., Boston, for all Legionnaire firefighters during the Legion national convention.

BRITISH (IMPERIALS) VETS.—Reunion during Legion national convention, Boston. For particulars address Dr. C. R. Bird, 301 Hume-Mansur bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

ADDITIONAL announcements of reunions and of other activities of interest to veterans follow:

SECOND DIV.—Annual reunion in Los Angeles, Calif., June 5-7. For particulars address Wayne H. Castle, 1816 South Figueroa st., Los Angeles.

THIRD DIV.—Official annual reunion and convention to be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 10-12. For information, address the Secretary, Society of the Third Div., P. O. Box 1621, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW YORK.—Annual meeting, reunion and dinner at Hotel Martini, Broadway and 32d st., New York City, May 10th, 6:30 p. m. Former IVY men write to Wm. L. Marcy, 89 William st., New York City.

FIFTH DIV.—Former members are urged to write to Frank F. Barth, membership secretary, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., who will supply all information regarding the next general reunion of the Society of the Fifth Division at Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 30th-Sept. 1st. The new 1930 directory is ready for distribution, as well as histories of the division, and other important information.

FIFTH DIV. SOC., N. Y. CAMP.—Reunion and roundup afternoon and evening of May 10th, at Lafayette Hotel, New York City. Address George L. Archer, 728-53d st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

27TH DIV.—"New York's Own" National Guard Division veterans will hold a convention in London, England, in May, 1930, followed by a tour of Belgian and French battlefields. For particulars address C. Pemberton Lenart, secy.-treas., 100 State st., Albany, N. Y.

29TH DIV.—The Blue and Gray will hold reunion at Asbury Park, N. J., Oct. 11-13. Former members are requested to write to 29th Div. Assoc. Hq., 160 Van Reipen ave., Jersey City, N. J.

32D DIV., VETS. ASSOC.—Sept. 14th to 16th are the dates set for the annual reunion to be held in Milwaukee, Wis. Byron Beveridge, Madison, Wis., secy., reports that he is swamped with inquiries from California to Maine, indicating interest of former Red Arrow men in get-together.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS. OF LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Reunion May 15th at Port Jefferson, N. Y. Address John S. Donato, West Tuthill and Main sts., Port Jefferson.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Membership in the association is one way of assisting your Legion post. The association clubhouse is for the purpose of housing all the unit American Legion posts. For particulars, address Philip Brauncis, v. p., and chairman, Membership Committee, 1280 Lexington ave., New York City.

114TH INF.—Annual reunion at Sea Girt, N. J., July 26-27. Send names and addresses to

114th Inf. Assoc. Hq., 160 Van Reipen ave., Jersey City, N. J.

312TH INF.—Former members requested to file names, addresses and unit in which they served for Memorial Room records. Address John H. Laux, secy., 620 High st., Newark, N. J.

Co. E, 50TH INF.—Proposed reunion of veterans of company or of entire regiment. Interested members address William Heagney, Box 657, R. R. No. 2, Stratford, Conn.

Co. L, 50TH INF.—Proposed reunion of men who served at Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., 1917-18. Address Bert Hollers, 1202 N. Sluss ave., Bloomington, Ind.

Co. C, 340TH INF., 85TH DIV.—Capt. H. A. Berglinger's old company will hold reunion at Sheboygan, Wis., Aug. 16-17, just prior to Legion department convention. Address A. H. Maise, 1824 N. 9th st., Sheboygan.

102D M. G. BN.—To complete roster, former members are asked to write to G. L. Bean, Jr., 412 Park Square bldg., Boston, Mass.

327TH F. A., 84TH DIV.—Annual reunion Vandalia, Ill., Sunday, Aug. 31st. Address Fred H. Hooker, secy., Vandalia.

328TH F. A.—Seventh annual reunion of 328th F. A. Vets. Assoc. at Hotel Otsego, Jackson, Mich., June 15-17. Address Adj. L. J. Lynch, 209 Elm st., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BATTERIES E AND F, 113TH F. A.—Joint reunion at Lenoir, N. C., in 1930. For particulars address Sgt. J. C. Powell, secy., 2030 Bay st., Charlotte, N. C.

BTRY. A, 308TH F. A. ASSOC.—Seventh annual reunion at Paterson, N. J., May 13th. Former members write to ex-Sgt. Paul Schaub, secy., 72-18th ave., Paterson.

12TH ENGRS., L. R.—Reunion in St. Louis, Mo. Address John J. Barada, secy., 514 Kansas st., St. Louis.

34TH ENGRS.—Regimental reunion at Triangle Park, Dayton, O., Aug. 31st. Address George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

Co. C, 22D ENGRS.—Former members interested in reunion on Sept. 1st at Newcastle, Ind., send names and addresses to John Gibson, 1325 S. 21st st., Newcastle.

Co. C, 60TH ENGRS., RY. OPERATING.—Former members of outfit at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Is-sur-Tille and Lifol-le-Grande, interested in veterans' organization, address D. E. Gallagher, 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

104TH F. S. BN., 29TH DIV.—To complete roster, former members report to George R. Deeken, 202 Virginia ave., Jersey City, N. J.

304TH FIELD SIG. BN.—Reunion at Baltimore, Md., May 24-25. Address A. E. Russell, 327 Park ave., New Castle, Pa.

FIFTH U. S. CAV. VETS. ASSOC.—Convention at Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 17-20. Address A. C. Horstman, secy., 3761-101st st., Corona, N. Y.

104TH SAN. TRN., 29TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Baltimore, Md., June 1st. Former members are requested to write to Capt. Richard C. O'Connell, 104th Med. Regt. Armory, Fayette and Paca sts., Baltimore.

AIR SERV. MECH., 1ST, 2D, 3D AND 4TH REGTS.—Fifth annual reunion at Milwaukee, Wis., July 24-26. Address Thomas J. Leary, 7141 Jeffery ave., Chicago, Ill.

213TH AERO SQDRN.—Former officers and enlisted men interested in proposed 213th Aero Sqdrn. Vets. Assoc., address W. G. Davies, 46-28 258th st., Little Neck, L. I., N. Y.

638TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion in Boston, Mass., Nov. 9-11. Address Paul W. Stafstrom, Box 237, Oakville, Conn.

GEN HOSP. No. 3 (erroneously reported No. 31 in Apr. issue), at Colonia, N. J.—Former members of staff, and officer and enlisted men patients are requested to write to Dr. Fred H. Albee, 30 W. 40th st., New York City, who is writing history.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. No. 31.—Reunion in Carlisle, Pa., Aug. 19-20, of all former patients, officers, nurses and all personnel who were at this hospital in Carlisle in 1919 and 1920. For particulars address Mrs. E. Voigtsberger, U. S. Veterans Hospital, Perry Point, Md.

BASE HOSP. No. 10.—Reunion and dinner at Kuglers, Philadelphia, Pa., May 19th. Address Miss Florence E. Wagner, Pennsylvania Hosp., 8th and Spruce sts., Philadelphia.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 2.—Reunion at Barlum Hotel, Detroit, Mich., May 30-31. Address Lester O. Moody, Box 425, Port Huron, Mich.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 22.—Second annual reunion at Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 14th. Former nurses, officers and enlisted men interested, address George D. Liebel, Box 508, Lexington, Ky.

MED. DEPT., JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.—Men attached to Examining Barracks or Post Hosp. during war, please write E. P. Scott, 995 W. King st., Decatur, Ill., at once for particulars of reunion.

U. S. A. AMBULANCE SERV.—Reunion and convention at Atlantic City, N. J., July 16-19, with Atlantic City USAAC Club as host. Send names and addresses to John H. Fetter, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

S. S. U. 508.—All former members interested in reunion in central Wisconsin during June, address George Jacobs, 105 W. Johnson st., Fond du Lac, Wis.

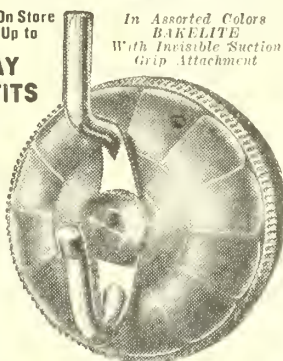
SEC. 573, U. S. A. C. A. E. F., ITALY.—11th annual reunion at Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July (Continued on page 60)

NEW "STICKTITE" (BAKELITE) COAT HANGER

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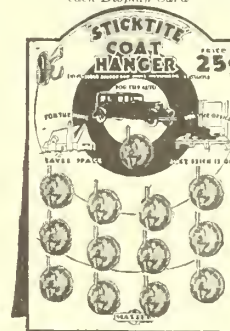
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Packed in assorted colors, 13 to each Display Card



Get Started At Once In This Big Paying Business. \$1.50 Investment Pays You \$1.75 Clear Profit
Send 25c for sample Sticktite or \$1.50 for sample card of 13 Sticktites. You make \$1.75 clear profit selling to consumers or use card to take orders from dealers.

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I guarantee that you will sell these Sticktite Coat Hangers or refund your money absolutely. You will receive full details and selling plans with your order for single sample or display card of 13. Act at once and reserve your territory.

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Here is the American Legion Uniform de Luxe. Smart, good-looking, durable. Interlining of half-cloth and special linen canvas reinforcements. Preserves its good looks for the life of the garment. Coat cut to regulation standards. Two breast pockets with center pleats and buttoned flap. Two bottom pockets with flap. Belted all around. Tailored from fabric of standard weight and color. Equip your Post members now with Utunco Brand Uniforms. Write for catalog and complete price information today.

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Now it's easy! Every Legion Post can have a snappy outfit like this to head up all Post activities. Arouse new interest, put new pep in the Post programs! Ready to play in public in 8 rehearsals! Ludwig will tell you how—help you put it over. Complete instructor supplied with every Ludwig outfit free. Send now for this new **FREE BOOK**—without obligation.

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Beginner Makes \$1500 in 4 months

By Amazing NEW CHAIN SELLING SYSTEM

Here is W. H. Schoen of Ohio—who made \$1,500 in 4 months last summer—as much as he earned the entire year before! Now Schoen is averaging \$90 a week in 1930—he says that's easy with the **Progress line backed by wonderful new CHAIN SELLING SYSTEM.**

PAINT—Direct from Million-Dollar Factory

Why not go after "big game" while you're at it? Roofing pays you \$24 a barrel—average paint—order commission \$16—cash in advance. Just as easy to sell on our credit terms as things paying a dollar or two. You can sell every home owner, factory, dairy, store, farmer by CHAIN SELLING method.

DOUBLE PAY for your "over-time"—write today!

Hurry—big season just starting—big earnings for you right off the bat. Clever "demonstrator" free—weighs only a few ounces—write immediately for Chain Selling Plan, stating territory, etc.

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Ex-Service Men Get Preference

\$1260 to \$3400 Year

Become Railway Postal Clerks

Steady Work

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Rush to me free of charge, 32 page book with (1) A full description of the position checked below:

(2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (3) Send full information describing preference to ex-service men.

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..... City Mail Carrier	(\$1700 to \$2100)
..... Rural Mail Carrier	(\$2100 to \$3300)
..... General Clerk	(\$1260 to \$2100)
..... Probation Agent	\$2300 to \$3400

Name _____

Then and Now

(Continued from page 59)

16-19. Write to C. Tom Mullins, 132 Berkeley pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF FIRE, FORT SILL, OKLA.—Proposed reunion of all officers who attended. Address Dwight P. Griswold, Commander, Dept. of Nebraska, The American Legion, Gordon, Neb.

AERIAL PHOTO SECTIONS NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4 AND 5.—Former members requested to supply data relative to their unit's operations to F. Wilmer Coffman, 241 Paul st., Harrisonburg, Va., who is writing a history.

OVERSEAS U. S. POSTAL SERV.—H. A. Cole-

man, 152 N. Broadway, New Philadelphia, Ohio, wants information relative to identification of A. P. O.'s, dates of operation, envelopes showing postmarks and other data for a philatelic monograph.

CAMP MEADE COUNTRY CLUB.—Proposed reunion of all officers who served with 79th Div. from Aug., 1917, to Jan., 1918, and were members of the country club. Address William M. Peck, 1695 N. 56th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE COMPANY CLERK

Fidac Looks Forward to Washington

(Continued from page 30)

the United States. A French speaker declared it would be America's bridgehead in France, and General Pershing said:

"If The American Legion is a powerhouse of friendship and kindness, then this building is its greatest sub-station, from which will flow a steady current of understanding. And I hope that our French friends will ever feel that this building is their home as it is our home."

Others who took part in this historic dedication included Paul Painlevé, French Minister of War; Paul Doumer, President of the French Senate; Georges Bonnet, French Minister of Commerce and Industry; General Henri Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris; Admiral Guépratte of the French Navy; Francis Drake, Past Commander of the Department of France and chairman of the Legion corporation which provided the funds for the building; Albert B. Cudebec, 1929 Commander of the Department of France; S. P. Bailey, National Executive Committeeman for the Department of France, and Stephen S. Szlapka, Commander of Paris Post.

In addition to dedicating Pershing Building, National Commander McNutt laid the cornerstone of a new structure adjoining the memorial structure, designed as a gymnasium, post meeting hall and a school for the children of American service men in Paris.

In his dedicatory address and his address at the banquet which followed the dedication, National Commander McNutt described the everyday activities of the Legion posts throughout the world, the Legion's national program for disabled service men and the Legion's efforts in furtherance of friendship among nations.

The message of friendship which Mr. McNutt delivered to France was the same message he carried, after leaving Paris, to the Congress of Fidac, at Belgrade, Yugoslavia. The same message, he carried also to nine other countries in Europe before he returned to the United States for the national convention at Louisville.

On his good will trip, National Commander McNutt headed an American Legion delegation of thirty-five persons. Besides Mr. McNutt, the official delegates to the Fidac Congress were: Leonard P. Ayres, Cleveland, Ohio, former

member of the Legion's National Finance Committee; Lawrence V. Benet of Paris, Past Commander of the Department of France; Enoch H. Easler, Brownsville, Pennsylvania; Charles Hann, Jr., New York City; H. Nelson Jackson, Burlington, Vermont; Francis E. McGovern, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Julius I. Peyser, Washington, D. C.; Ernest B. Rowbottom, Providence, Rhode Island; Dr. E. B. Stewart, Roseburg, Oregon, and Judge Royal A. Stone of St. Paul, Minnesota.

One of the impressive moments of the Belgrade Congress came when National Commander McNutt presented on behalf of The American Legion the invitation that the 1930 congress he held in the United States prior to the Legion's national convention. Delegates of all societies applauded and the invitation was accepted unanimously. At the same time it was voted that the 1931 congress be held in Prague, Czechoslovakia, and the 1932 congress in Lisbon, Portugal.

The American delegation arrived in Yugoslavia on August 31st, a Saturday. It found Belgrade beflagged and picturesquely decorated. The Allied colors, wreaths, tapestries and flowers were everywhere. Banners with inscriptions of welcome extended from balcony to balcony across the streets. Flags adorned all the public monuments. The whole city was joining in the fete. Great crowds thronged the boulevards and the public squares, despite extreme heat. The cafes were crowded. Not since the original Armistice Day eleven years ago had Belgrade shown so much brilliance and color—bright summer clothes, soldiers in white uniforms, the national costumes from the different Serbian, Croatian, Slovenian and Montenegrin provinces, and everywhere the delegates of the veterans' societies, most of whom were seeing Belgrade for the first time.

Belgrade is a city of contrasts, intensely fascinating. In it mingle Serbs, Turks, Russians, Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians, Montenegrins and Gypsies. It was the first city to be invaded during the World War. It was recaptured and again lost. It has a thrilling and sanguinary history. The spirit of the people is indomitable. Since the Armistice, Belgrade has tripled in population and it

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is still growing rapidly. Yugoslavia is ninety percent agricultural. The memory of Woodrow Wilson is revered. They regard him as the savior who made their present country possible.

Sunday morning, September 1st, witnessed the grand opening of the Tenth Annual Congress of Fidac. The meeting was held in the hall of the Officers' Club. Greetings were officially extended by the chairmen of the various delegations, Commander McNutt speaking for The American Legion.

A colorful and mammoth parade followed adjournment. The procession marched by the Royal Palace to be reviewed by H. M. King Alexander. More than 10,000 Yugoslavian veterans marched in the parade and with them 3,000 Boy Scouts. The American Legion delegation was cheered all along the line. Americans are popular in Belgrade.

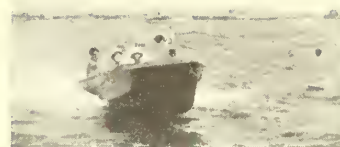
At noon, the visiting delegations participated in the laying of the cornerstone of the Veterans' Palace. At four o'clock, the various groups motored to the summit of Avala Hill, where Fidac rendered homage at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, buried exactly where he fell.

Upon the return to Belgrade there was a brief period of sightseeing. Belgrade reminds one of the phoenix, rising resplendent from the ashes of its former self. The Slavic girls are pretty, both blonde and brunette. Native costumes are beautiful. Serbian peasant girls wear eighteen and twenty dresses simultaneously, their wealth and relative importance being indicated by the number of dresses worn at a time. Embroidered rosettes on the tight bodices reveal their state of single or marital blessedness. The native shoes have curved toes to insure longer wear. Belgrade abounds with attractive cafes featuring excellent cabaret acts and moderate prices.

Monday morning was devoted to a convention session and the afternoon to committee meetings. The evening was given over to the finest single function of the entire trip, the reception given by King Alexander, at the Royal Palace. The delegates were presented by Colonel Milan Radossavljevitch, President of the Reserve Officers and Veterans of Yugoslavia. The King shook hands and chatted with each, switching from one language to another with facility. He is an accomplished linguist. There was a complete absence of stilted formality. The King served in the trenches during the war and his greetings were as from one comrade to another.

Tuesday was devoted to committee meetings. The American delegation, that day, was given an informal reception by the American Minister, John Dyneley Prince. In the evening the delegates attended a gala performance of the opera in the National Theatre.

Wednesday, after business sessions, the delegates were given an excursion on the Danube, proceeding first to Zemun for an official welcome by the municipality and the Association of Reserve Officers. At Ze- (Continued on page 62)



CAST OFF IN THIS BOAT, AND UNROLL A WIDE, WHITE WAKE

HERE'S a stout boat—this "Old Town." She rides the water like a sea-gull—cuts along like a shark. Never shivers or vibrates—she's built extra-rigid. The heavy, non-leak canvas has no seams to open up, and therefore won't ever need caulking. Ideal for heavy loads, but wonderfully light and well-balanced.

Free catalog shows big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood, outboard family boats; canvas-covered, square-stern boats with sponsons; rowboats; dinghies; speedy step-planes; and all types of canoes. Write. Old Town Canoe Co., 155 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

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John Mickman, 310B Rice St., St. Paul, Minn.



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"I reduced from 43 inches to 33 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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28x4.40 21"	\$2.30 \$1.10	30x3	\$2.20 \$1.00
28x4.50 20"	2.45 1.15	30x3 1/2	2.25 1.00
30x4.50 21"	2.45 1.20	31x4	2.25 1.15
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32x6.00 20"	3.65 1.25	36x6 3/4	4.45 1.75

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Fidac Looks Forward to Washington

(Continued from page 61)

mun a visit was paid to the "King Alexander" Institute for the Blind. The blind were divided into three groups, the blind veterans, the blind war orphans, and the group of older boys and girls blinded by accidents and atrocities of war. As the delegates approached, the blind orphans sang the anthems of the various allied nations.

The committee sessions were concluded Thursday morning and the afternoon marked the closing session of the convention. Lieutenant Colonel Fred

W. Abbott, of Great Britain, was unanimously elected President of the Fidac for the coming year to succeed M. Reisdorff of Belgium. Major Julius I. Peyser, of Washington, D. C., was unanimously elected American Vice President.

Princess Alexandrine Cantacuzene of Rumania, the newly-elected President of the Fidac Auxiliary, was introduced. An affectionate farewell was tendered the retiring President, Mrs. Adalin W. Macauley, Past National President of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Chasing the Cure

(Continued from page 23)

case at Oteen) suavely assured me that an ambulance met all incoming trains at Asheville, to carry stretcher cases (which was then my classification) to the Oteen sanitarium, some six miles distant. But no ambulance was there, and for twenty minutes I and another wheel-chair patient from Atlanta had to sit in a draughty corridor awaiting transportation.

Finally the ambulance came. Higher and higher we climbed, forested mountains on all sides. In the wayside woods the last rhododendrons bloomed. Beside the road trickled a creek which bore the beautiful name of Swannanoa and the astonishing classification of "river."

We arrived. A guard opened the high gates, and we entered a huge estate, some three hundred acres of mountain-side—formerly a military camp. Huge stone buildings soon surrounded us. We drove to the back entrance. Tall hollyhocks, pink, satin-white and maroon, waved idly by the door. It was nice, this reception by flowers—a symbol, I thought, like my New Orleans bluebird.

I was wheel-chaired immediately to an office where the usual information—name, age, religion, compensation or no, etc., etc.—was typed on the official records, and then I was assigned to a temporary room in the receiving ward. The first thing I noticed was the mountain before me. Fresh air? Yes, plenty of that. I could just imagine the wind sweeping down from those piney woods. And rest? Plenty of that, too. "Nothing else but," grinned Dickey the colored orderly.

And now the all-important question—food. And I say all-important because it is the only medicine to fight those mysterious tubercle bacilli which are viciously breaking down my left lung. Let me tell you what my breakfast consisted of—and I must add that my usual breakfast, before, always consisted of coffee and a roll, nothing more. It wasn't entirely a question of money. I simply did not care for more. Was this another symptom of T. B.? It never even entered my mind. Now the hospital break-

fast: oatmeal, with a pitcher full of real cream, a bottle of milk, two soft-boiled eggs, five strips of crisp, delicious bacon, toast, butter and strawberry jam, a baked apple (core filled with raisins) and a pot of steaming, wonderful coffee. Other meals in like proportion.

"Now just relax," said the nurse, "and give yourself a chance."

Soon after breakfast on the second day I received my physical examination. The following day I was X-rayed. And the next day I was transferred to A-Building, where I have since made my "home."

"Here," said the doctor, "you will stay in bed twenty-four hours a day. No sitting up in chairs, remember! You can go to the bathroom, but in a wheel-chair. Bed-baths, my boy. You won't have to stir an inch. That'll give a chance to your vibrosis."

"Wire-brushes," mimicked my next bed partner, after the doctor had left.

Vibrosis, I soon learned from the pseudo-doctors (i. e., the patients), consists in the rebuilding of the diseased lung tissues. By the patient remaining quietly in bed, the vibrosis action (the healing process) can go on undisturbed. A stir, a cough, sitting up in a chair, or exercise of any kind would break down the restored tissue, I learned. So it was "wire brushes" for me, too.

This reminds me that Robert Louis Stevenson, although he remained for seven months at Lake Saranac in the Adirondacks, did not properly "chase the cure." He exercised; he paced the front porch of his cottage continually when not writing, and he wrote enormously—ten thousand words a day! The present tendency in "chasing the cure" is to reduce activity of any kind,—to rest, to rest again, and then to rest some more.

A word about the men in the ward. I am describing my room before T. B. got the better of me and forced me to a private room. We came from different parts of the country, and we had been variously employed. There were six men in a general room, with one each in the

end rooms, making eight in our division, and there were forty-five in the entire ward. The men in the private rooms were very ill. One was a Spanish-American War veteran who had been entirely confined to bed for over a year. The other was brought into the hospital on a stretcher and has never since left his bed. That was three years ago. We felt deeply concerned over him. Hope is still high in him, and I should not be surprised at his ultimate recovery, for he is a brave soul.

Of the six men in the general room, one was a farmer from Alabama, an agreeable fellow who had pleasantly adapted himself to hospital routine. In four months, to our violent envy, he had gained sixty pounds. The word violent needs explanation. All tuberculous patients simply gloat over weight increases. There is no eighteen-day dieting in our hospital. When a patient remains stationary he becomes melancholy, and when, alas, the patient loses weight, he becomes morose and irritated. With eyes of unveiled envy he glares at those whose avoirdupois is all too plainly evident.

Adjoining the Alabama farmer was a New York foundryman, who curled up in his bed like a little mouse and absolutely refused to stir. He was, as we were all aware, very sensibly giving his "wire brushes" a chance to make him well.

The fellow in the third bed was tall and thin, a Washington (D. C.) clerk who lived over the river in Virginia. Quiet, reserved, pleasant he was, and somehow reminded me of Edgar Allan Poe. Adjoining him was a healthy-looking specimen, a surprisingly robust duplicate of Babe Ruth. He had been a sailor in the United States Navy, who, by good common sense and natural leadership, had risen to quartermaster. His home was in New Jersey—in fact, in Walt Whitman's Camden. Then I, the New Orleans school-teacher, who was neighbored by a bank cashier—a well-mannered, considerate, suavely Southern native of North Carolina.

We got along famously, exhausting all our personal history. But as the days followed one another in growing monotony we gave evidence of that great weariness, the T. B. blues.

It was the library that saved us. Twice a week the cheerful librarian (there were four on the staff) made the rounds. I read E. Phillips Oppenheim and Edgar Wallace clean through, then plugged at Chaucer and Don Quixote, and biographies. Many of us preferred Western stories and mysteries, but some showed a surprising interest in "Dodsworth," "Scarlet Sister Mary" and other books of fiction which ordinarily are termed high-brow. Non-fiction interested the boys just as much as fiction, according to the librarians. Reserve cards left long waiting lists for "Mother India," "The Art of Thinking," "Henry VIII" and "The Mansions of Philosophy." Naturally, too, all books on T. B. were popular, and the new editions were always on reserve.

But books cannot be read in endless profusion, nor can even continuous talk of compensation bring relief. There has been so much talk about compensation that as soon as anyone brings up this unfortunate subject there is an immediate and noisy chorus of "Pipe down, bum," from the other patients. Half of the men in the hospital receive from \$18 to \$100 a month from dear old Uncle Sam. The other half, who get nothing, are pleasantly argumentative over "comp", hoping to get it. If the ex-service man can prove that he had an active case of T. B. before January 1, 1925, his case is presumably service-connected, and so he enjoys—and it is a real enjoyment—this much-discussed compensation. The others can only enjoy the ultimate prospect of becoming, somehow, "service-connected", and hence eligible for it.

Three times a day a nurse trills along, tunes on high C's of Galli-Curci laughter, takes "temp" and pulse, and gaily departs. This Florence Nightingale begins the day's activities at seven in the morning. A plenteous breakfast arrives soon after. About an hour later the canteen man comes along to take away our last pennies. Then the ward doctor makes his rounds. Toward noon a sparrow-like woman chirrup by. She owns a laundry, and baits all newcomers who do not know that clothes are washed free for all patients at the plant. "Anything for the cleaners, boys?" she squeaks, in her high, thin voice, and she doesn't move along until each and every one answers yes or no. After she goes, everyone in the ward mimics her, and a variety of near-feminine voices cry out: "Anything for the cleaners, boys?"

Just before dinner all the patients grow unduly excited. They expect Miss Williams. Soon she appears, with a thin handful of letters and papers, which she distributes. It is pitiful to hear the exclamations at such a time. "Nothing for me, Miss Williams?" "Oh, you never bring me anything!"

Oh, you relatives and friends of patients in any distant hospital, write, and write, and write. A letter can brighten a patient's whole day, and thus give the "wire brushes" a better chance to heal the broken-down lungs. Help chase the T. B. blues away!

Dinner at noon absorbs everyone's attention. From one to three—rest hour. We are told to close our eyes and give proof to the saying that "men are angels when they sleep." At three, another Florence Nightingale trips along, takes "temp" and pulse and vanishes. The radio helps out for the remainder of the afternoon with baseball games or a musical program especially arranged by the hospital. (Each patient has his own separate headpiece receiver.)

Supper at five, followed by compensation talk and radio. Another nurse at seven, followed by radio and comp talk. Cocoa refreshments at eight followed by more radio and even more comp talk, and then, at last, lights out at 9:30—sleep, blessed sleep, for those who can until a new day dawns.

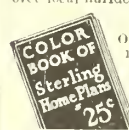
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ZANE GREY is a native of Zanesville, Ohio, and now lives in Altadena, California. He has been writing since the early 1900's, averaging considerably better than a book a year, and has become in that busy generation certainly the best-known and most widely-read author of stories of Western adventure. Next to these, books on fishing bulk largest in the long and absorbing roster of his literary accomplishments. "Tales of Fishes" appeared in 1919, followed by "Tales of Fishing Virgin Seas" in 1925, "Tales of the Anglers' Eldorado" in 1926, and "Tales of Swordfish and Tuna" in 1927. Mr. Grey, it will be noted, is no fireside fisherman. The Monthly is indebted to Mr. Grey's publishers, Harper & Brothers, for the photograph which accompanies his article in this issue.

ANNOUNCEMENT was made sometime since that the affairs of the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire had been wound up. We cannot, however, omit to record one pleasant aftermath, proving as it does that graduates of the S.L.W.H.R.G.D.F.R. E.E. go out into the world and Make Good. Gibbonnaire Alfred H. Holt, Past Commander of Canton (China) Post of the Legion, now a post-graduate student at Columbia University, recently entered a contest sponsored by the Wit's Weekly department of the *Saturday Review of Literature* for the best rendering of "Old King Cole" as Gibbon might have written it. The prize of fifteen dollars was split three ways, and Past Commander Holt was one of the ways. His version, reproduced here by permission of the editors of the *Saturday Review*, was as follows:

King Cole, not inappropriately denominated "The Merry," ascended the throne in 1261 B.C., in the ninety-fourth year of his age. Perhaps never in the history of the Myopian Empire had there been a ruler more jovial, more indulgent, or more universally beloved; but it may be seriously questioned whether the boundless despotism of a tyrant might not have been exercised more happily for the future of the Empire at this critical period. Whatever may be the temptations that nature either prompts or reprobates, a king who has reached years of discretion does well to consider of paramount importance the affairs of his country, external as well as internal; for while this venerable monarch was making merry, an ignominious fate was approaching by insensible gradations. A philosophic age might excuse a single vice. But when we learn that this royal, if aged, lover of buffoonery and dissipation declared his intentions of enjoying the fragrant Virginia weed, we are not unnaturally led to

fear an impending catastrophe, the realization of which is not long in being fulfilled. For the flowing bowl is next demanded; and as if this were not enough to complete the degradation of a man who might, but for his easy licentiousness, have been a good, even a great, king, we are not left without an intimation as to what constituted the final and fatal step in the descent to Arvernus; in the simple yet poignant words of Garbagius, "he called for his fiddlers three."*

*The ensuing orgies may with more propriety be described in a learned tongue: Mica, mica, parva stella, etc., etc., etc.

MR. HOLT modestly gives the Society full credit for this, its first cash-in-hand achievement. "If it hadn't been for your so-noble-in-motive experiment," he writes, "I should never have entered the competition, for I should never have read Gibbon."

IT will be recalled that Legionnaire James Joseph (which is to say Gene) Tunney holds Card Number One in the Gibbon Society, and it is significant of the importance which Mr. Tunney attaches to this honor that in formally relinquishing the heavyweight title he did not at the same time sever his connections with the Society. Once a Gibbonnaire, always a Gibbonnaire. Having once read Gibbon, it is virtually impossible to unread him. Which reminds us that the secretary of the Society informed us the other day that in the rush of closing the organization's books and striking a final balance sheet the names of two or three last-minute entries were unfortunately omitted. Some day, the secretary promises, he will look up these names and hand them in to the Message Center. Credit where credit is due is another of the Society's mottoes. There will be virtually no mention of the Gibbon Society in this department again until the promised data is ready for presentation.

THE Big Moment competition is interesting a surprisingly large number of lady entrants, as a glance through this month's instalment of prize winners will show. The judges, it should be pointed out, make no sex distinctions. Contributions are selected solely on a basis of interest. And in this connection it ought to be pointed out that of the thousands of Big Moments that have been submitted, not one has been uninteresting—in other words, if the Monthly had room to print every contribution, not a single one could be picked out and branded not worth reading. The judging has simply

been a matter of grading the interest—of choosing the more interesting and passing by the less interesting.

PERHAPS the most striking conclusion that can be reached from a perusal of all the contributions submitted is the wide variety of experiences that went to make up a war. There were certain experiences, obviously, which were common to everyone in it. There were other experiences that were common to specific groups of dozens or hundreds or tens of thousands. And, at the other end of the multiplication table, there were experiences that were confined to detached and separate individuals and were shared by no one else among the five million under arms or among the hundred-odd million who looked on. Of the great experiences that were common to large groups (such, for instance, as the sinking of a transport) it is engrossingly interesting to note the different outlook that distinguishes the sensations of A, B and C—that makes their separate stories, equally accurate, equally detailed, equally graphic, as unlike one another as if the narrators were on three different ships in three different wars.

THE etching of the Capitol at Washington which serves as one of the illustrations for Meredith Nicholson's "America and Her Critics" is available in a collected edition of Mr. Hutty's work published by T. Spencer Hutson & Company of New York, one of a series of twelve volumes showing the work of American etchers.

IN the June number of the Monthly will be published the first of a series of three articles by Richard Washburn Child on the broad and highly-inclusive subject of propaganda. Propaganda began with Adam, but attained its chief notoriety during the World War, and has been flourishing with previously unexcelled activity ever since. There will be a short story by Peter B. Kyne, and Major Henry W. Daly, who speaks with unimpeachable authority on early days in the West, will describe the exciting campaign that made Geronimo one of the best-known Indian names in the whole course of American history. And there will be, among other features, another instalment of Big Moments.

The Editor



POST CAPS FOR MEMORIAL DAY: Decoration Day has been set aside to honor those splendid men who gave up their lives in defense of their country. On that day your community will look to your Post for a fitting observance of Decoration Day. Now is the time to procure the Post equipment and supplies which will be needed : : : The 1930 Legion Catalog illustrates and describes Post banners, caps, arm bands, grave markers, flags, and in fact, everything which your Post will require in fittingly observing Decoration Day. It is the one and only catalog of official American Legion supplies. Your copy of this interesting book is ready to mail. Write for it today. It's free to Legionnaires.

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5-30

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